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FOOTNOTES TO LIFE

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FOOTNOTES TO LIFE

BY FRANK CRANE, D.D.

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TO

H. J. WRIGHT

PREFACE

THIS book is desultory; because it is about Life, and Life is desultory.

Here Life is not interpreted by a System. Events are rather given their marginal significance.

I have always loved Footnotes, little paragraphs at the bottom of the page, explaining things.

There is no beginning nor end to this volume. You may open it in the middle as well as at the first page, and if you do not like one place you may try another.

These little articles have been written for The People, who love Thought, and play with Philosophy, and speculate about God and Souls and the Secret Springs of the Apparent, fully as much as do the Elect.

They were published daily in some thirty newspapers in the United States and Canada, having in total about ten million readers.

I have sat by the side of the road, and spoken to the Passers By, not of the News of the World, but of the News of Mind.

I have written for no Organization, Movement,

Religion, Party, Class or Ism; but for Human Beings: not for the chosen Few, but for the Multitude: not for those who Belong, but for the Outsiders.

For all those who are addicted to the Pleasures of Thought, who are of Hospitable Mind, and entertain with welcome any Idea that may knock at the door, for those the processes of whose Thinking are without fear or favour, and in entire freedom from any compulsion of Authority without or Prejudice within, for them I have made this Book in the full joy of Self Expression.

And to that large Public who have so cordially received my little daily messages, and to The Associated Newspapers who have so steadfastly encouraged me in their delivery, I here record my sincere gratefulness. FRANK CRANE

New York City, 1914

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FOOTNOTES TO LIFE

ANY man is better than the institution to which he belongs. The voter is better than his party, the believer than his creed, the teacher than his school, the individual than his profession. Even the great Teacher held that a man outweighed a commandment, for He said: "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

Men better than their Institutions

We ought not to condemn a person for the evils of his group. There are those who think that every one who is a member of a labour union is ripe for arson and assault; some believe all rich people are proud and selfish; some that all who sit at corporation boards are thieves; and others, that all legislators are corrupt, all newspapers venal, all preachers effeminate, and all women vain. I said some think this, but it really is not thinking at all, but a kind of canned thinking, a cheap and lazy substitute for thought.

The institution is merely the soul's tool. And a man is greater than his axe or spade.

All institutions were made by men.

But a man is made by Almighty God. And hence a man is very great and wonderful and divine. The more we study men and love them, the wiser and

Men better than their institutions

larger grow our hearts. And the more we lump men and look upon them as members of groups, classes, and sects, the more liable we are to become hard and unjust and narrow.

Change and morals

IT is singular to note how every effort to change government or religion is accused of upsetting morals. To most persons morality means keeping up existing institutions and customs. To them the moral man is the one who will do to-morrow the same thing he did to-day. Whoever undertakes to put reason into his ethics will sooner or later be tainted with heresy.

The Pharisees, I doubt not, really thought the young Nazarene a menace to good order in Church and state : for, once the respect for Pharisees and other Leading Citizens was broken down, what anchor remained for any morality ? Luther was vehemently accused of opening the way for all manner of lawlessness. We are solemnly assured that if woman is allowed to vote, the last shred of decency and modesty will flee from the sex ; so, I presume, the Turk would feel if it were proposed to educate his women, and remove their veils.

The religous element has, as a rule, allied itself with the conservative and backward part in every great crisis. It was the Church that opposed Juarez and the republicans in Mexico, and has set itself against every South American republic. And it is

curious that many of the most active advocates of the new United States were men shy of religion, such as Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin, and Jefferson. I do not at all construe this to be against religion, but as illustrative of the very common mistake of most morally earnest people: to-wit: that what is usual or established or respectable is necessarily moral. *Change and morals*

RACIAL progress is wholly unconscious. Whatever the force may be that is slowly thrusting humanity upward, it is not the intelligence and will of mankind itself. For men in the first place are not at all agreed upon the great aim of the universe, and in the second place they do not work toward the aim they believe in. *Progress unconscious*

The amœba, the fish, the fowl, and the quadruped, do not knowingly guide their lives so as to produce a better species. Each creature follows its own instincts, and lives best for its progeny when it lives most perfectly its own life.

The same thing is true of human advancement. The race is pushed forward, not by any conscious will of its own, but by some power other than itself, some dynamic beneath or above it. Men do not say, "Go to, now let us make democracy!" but democracy grows, it overtakes them, as it were; it is threshed out of them by the flail of war, and ground out of them in the mills of revolution.

Progress unconscious

Back of all the contentions of labour and capital is Something that is carrying us forward toward brotherhood. Back of trusts and socialism, back of senates and kings, moves the tide that is bearing us onward toward the Kingdom of Heaven.

From all this I gather that the best thing I can do for the fortieth century is to live my own life as decently and cheerfully as I can.

The pleasures of seeing

BLESSED be the Lord, my God, for my eyes and the pleasures that pour through them into me! Books could not contain the record of them. For there hang not in all the art galleries of Europe things of such beauty as are daily and hourly crowded upon me. The sun lies warm upon my floor, coming in through the south window. What sharp and perfect lines, what coloured shadows, what masterful technique, all done by the Artist of artists, and changing every second, a moving, fecund, inexhaustible supply of tireless beauty. Through the window I see a bare tree lifting its strong, smooth arms to the sun: Corot nor Constable ever did anything like it. And then I have looked upon the ocean and the night sky—it is almost as if I had seen God, and live.

But I do not have to go to sea. Every little thing Nature does is charming. As Marcus Aurelius said, "the ears of corn bending down, the lion's eyebrows, and the foam which comes from the mouth

of wild boars—though they are far from being beautiful in a certain sense—yet, because they come in the course of nature, have a beauty in them, and please the mind." *The pleasures of seeing*

Yesterday I saw a pretty girl, with eyes like lakes of the spirit world, and such a budding mouth, and warm, soft cheek ! The most beautiful thing Nature produces is a real girl just verging into womanhood. And we can all look at her, for nothing, and without sin, as the rose-wonder of our human stock.

WHERE is the seat of Morality ? What is it that can make a man just, kind and true ? *The seat of morality*

An examination of the myriad biographies, autobiographies, and confessions in our library leads us to suspect certain supposed sources. In the first place the Religious Feeling, important as it is in the formation of a full character, is not to be unreservedly relied upon. Thousands of examples prove that spiritual emotion may exist in the same breast with various hurtful traits. Secondly, Authority is not sufficient. It may have its place in the training of the race, but it alone cannot produce righteousness. Third, Rewards and Punishments break down at the final test : men grow indifferent or defiant toward them ; the best part of a man can neither be bribed nor threatened, not even by heaven and hell.

Upon reflection it will be discovered that the only reliable source of goodness and rightness in the

The seat of morality

human heart is the dominance of what we call Altruism in its instincts. All sin, whether against self or society, is in its last analysis selfishness. The task of civilization is to temper the egoistic by the altruistic feelings; that is, care of self by care of one's family, personal pride by civic, desire for individual, by desire for national or racial, success. The centre of one's love, ambition, solicitude and energy is to be moved over from the individual to the group, and finally to humanity.

To accomplish this, many and complex means are necessary. Religion, Law, Education and Culture, all have their part. Breeding is an important factor, and so is environment. But the end is attained only in so far as one FEELS humanity. The Golden Rule of Jesus, to do as we would be done by, is the same as Kant's Categorical Imperative: "Handle so, dass die Maxime deines Willens jederzeit zugleich als Prinzip einer allgemeinen Gesetzgebung gelten koenne" (So act that the motives of your individual Will might be used in making universal law).

Work and play

HORACE BUSHNELL pointed out this difference between work and play; that, while both are undertaken for pleasure, in work the pleasure is to come after the exercise, and in play the pleasure is in the exercise itself. One is done for wages, the other for fun.

Wages are potential fun, money is condensed

pleasure, a dollar is fun seed. Some men spend so much time gathering the seed that they never plant any of it, nor get any fruit. *Work and play*

Work is never first-class until it becomes a play. That is, the finest quality of work is that which is done merely for the joy of doing it. For this reason a "purpose" of any kind is fatal to a work of art. Hence all novels of purpose, all painting intended to teach a lesson, and all didactic instruction are bad art. They are work. This explains why sermons are not literature.

In the highest forms of its activity the soul always is at play. The virtuoso plays the piano, he does not work it. The good actor plays his part, the bad actor works at it. The writer whose only aim is the joy of self-expression catches the divine spark. The orator bores us while he labours, but when he begins to be carried away he carries us away with him.

Goodness which is an effort is disagreeable, though commendable; when it flows naturally it is delightful. The Bible is right. Work is a curse. By inventions, by social organization, and by the slow maturing of the human mind, we are gradually lifting the curse and getting all human exertion out of the grade of wages into the realm of play.

The only gift is life

I HAVE but one thing of real value that I can give the world, and that is—my life. After all, that is all that is mine to give. My possessions are but loans, they will pass on to others when I die, but my life is my own.

Nothing that preserves itself intact is of use to mankind. "Thou fool," said the apostle, "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." True enough, for a wheat grain is of no good so long as it remains a perfect wheat grain; it must rot in the ground to bear more wheat; it must be crushed in the mill to nourish animal life. The genuine efficiency of any living thing is found in the manner of its destruction.

A great painter, when asked how he mixed his colours, replied, "with my blood." Any work of art depends for its ultimate force upon the amount of life the artist sacrificed to make it. To create a great book or picture or musical composition the author must die into it.

The value of our political and religious institutions lies in the kind of grist they will furnish for the mills of the future.

Self sacrifice is not an "iridescent dream of impossible goodness." It is most shrewdly practical. As a matter of everyday experience, "he that saveth his life shall lose it." The Alp climber who is afraid of falling, falls. The barefoot boy who looks where he steps is the one who runs tacks in his feet.

The only gift is life

What life you shed into the world always returns to you. Only as you die daily do you minister to life. Why try to "save" yourself? After a few centuries, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

The soul's penumbra

I WOULD speak of the soul's penumbra. It is as if the soul, as we see the sun in an eclipse, had a thin gaseous envelope, extending far out.

Who shall say that my personality is bounded by my body? I live also in my friend remote, in my beloved by me, in my mother long dead, in my grandchildren, yet unborn; and certain noxious rays of me are in my enemies, in the head-waggers that line my path, like weeds that wave and warn by the roadside.

In my penumbra are all the best and worst parts of myself. It is there I am holy, it is there I am vile; in the real core of me things are mixed.

It is this circumambient halo of me that one sees and loves, another sees and loathes. Nobody, not even I, loves me or hates me, for nobody knows me.

Here are my dreams, my ideals, my temptations, my glory, my shame, all that intricate mesh of psychic forces that impinge upon me.

I am neither so good nor so bad as I do, say, and think; for when one speaks of himself he is really speaking of the heights above him and of the deeps

The soul's penumbra

below him ; and he knows both better than himself. I am a compound of many numbers, of which God alone knows the Greatest Common Divisor—me.

The sub-consciousness of belief

THE world has long laboured under the delusion that belief is something that is produced by reason ; that it is something ground out of a logic-mill ; that it is the result of examining evidence. As a matter of fact, what we really believe has little or nothing to do with our intellectual conclusions. Belief is a peculiar liquor that exudes from practice. It is the juice of what we do. It is that condition of the mind and heart that results from the performances of the will. Teachers, preachers, institutions, and the whole earth, ignore this truth, though it is plain as the nose on one's face. It is they who do the Ten Commandments that believe in them. They who love believe in love. The virtuous believe in virtue. Worshippers believe in God. The industrious believe in industry. As for them that say they believe in what they do not practise, they simply use the wrong word ; they fancy, they conceive, they do not believe.

Giving intellectual assent to a thing is not belief, nor like it. Our real creed lies deep in the subconsciousness. It is the deposit of the volitional stream that passes through the mind.

The United States does not go to church as much as did the Middle Ages, but we have a deal more

Faith in what the Church is supposed to stand for—Righteousness. Bagehot says that "mediæval Christianity was occupied largely in fighting and even dying for principles which it was utterly careless about putting into practice." *The sub-consciousness of belief*

I WILL describe a man for you, and ask you what you think of him. His father was a stonecutter and his mother a midwife. Till the age of thirty-five he made a poor living at his father's trade; then he quitted work and took to the noble occupation of loafing. He was a great talker. He roamed the streets, and conversed with anybody who would stop and listen, whether a rich man or poor, a wise man, a nobleman, a tramp, or a woman of no reputation. He was easily the ugliest man in town. He was fat, and who respects a fat man? He had a short bull-neck, a round and bald head, snub nose, thick lips, and lobster eyes. He loved jokes, and his wit often ran as close to the soil as that of Rabelais or of Lincoln. He was not a nice gentleman. In fact he was coarse. Having but one pair of shoes he never wore them, but went barefoot summer and winter. His only garment was generally soiled. He was not sensitive, but said that his nose being turned upward he could smell better, his eyes protruding, he could see on all sides, and his lips being so thick, they were the better for kissing. He never made over $50 a year, and refused the *A man*

A man

money his friends offered him for fear he would grow fatter if he were wealthier. He married the worst shrew in the place, who often led him home by the ear, rated him with her tongue, and belaboured him with a broomstick.

Now who was this ne'er-do-well, this Silenus who could drink the stoutest topers under the table, this ignoramus who always professed to know nothing at all? His name was Socrates. He had the greatest brain ever housed in a human body. "No man," says Grote, "has ever arisen who could draw the bow of Socrates, the father of philosophy and the greatest of all thinkers."

Hard words

VOLTAIRE spoke of those who "employ speech only to conceal their thoughts (emploient les paroles pour déguiser leurs pensées);" and the same has been said by another author. While this is sometimes true of short words, it is always true of long words. There are enough plain, brief words in common use to describe anything, provided the speaker understands his subject. When one does not know, and wants to make others think he knows, then is the time to use words with which your listeners are unfamiliar.

For instance, when the physician does not wish you to know what ails you, he will speak of your exanthematous trouble, and say he is giving you a detergent. He uses these terms because they are

politer than to say "'twas brillig." If he had told you you had a breaking out, and he would give you something to clean you up, you would have understood, which is bad for you. *Hard words*

For those who "strive to please," long words are useful. As a rule they are soft. Their very sound flatters those who do not comprehend them. As a modern essayist writes, "the long words are not the hard words; it is the short words that are hard." Moreover, the common run of folk think brief words a little vulgar. "To retire" is much more elegant than "to go to bed." A bishop or a gentleman may "execrate"; only low people "curse."

I once had a wise and honest teacher; I asked him one day to explain a certain matter; and he replied, "I haven't time now. If I knew it thoroughly I could tell you in a few minutes, but as I know it only imperfectly, it would take me an hour."

I AM a firm believer in The Call. Some time in every man's life, and perhaps repeatedly during years, comes an inner Impulse to some noble work, and an outer Opportunity to indulge the Impulse. He has the Chance and the Desire. Then is the time for him to arise and go. Let him leave the plough in the field and run. *The call*

Those who resist The Call always regret it. Nature has put into each soul a task for some one part of the world's work. Better starve doing the

The call

thing you want to do, than to get rich and fat doing what your soul loathes.

When Joan of Arc heard the voices in Domremy calling her to battle, she might have said, "But who will tend my sheep?" When Jenny Lind heard the call to sing she might have said, "But who will do my knitting?" There are plenty called to knit and herd.

No man has a right to preach when he had rather be farming, or to teach school when what he most longs for is making money, or to sell goods when he feels he ought to write. Life is too short to keep on treading the wrong road.

Possibly, of course, you may be mistaken; you may think you are an actor when you really are a born farmer; you may imagine you can write stories when you can only sell dry goods. But I say it is better to fail at working out the instinct Nature put into you than to be a miserable success at what you hate.

Don't be hasty; but be true to yourself. Don't fight your life long against your deepest convictions.

Values

THE greatest fault with many persons is their inability to estimate values. The best wisdom is to know what is worth while and what is not.

A business man works away at his desk while he

ought to be outdoors somewhere saving his life ; by *Values*
and by some fatal disease comes along and removes him ; he worked harder to make money for his family than to preserve himself for his family. Many a woman knits and darns and scrubs herself out of the life and sympathy of her husband and children. More than one man has neglected his wife for his career, only to find too late that he gained the shell and lost the kernel.

The tendency of every Institution is to grow into the habit of over-estimating details. The Pharisees were so busy safeguarding their formalities, that they could not see the vital truth of Jesus.

When your little six-year-old girl comes into your study, would it not be better to lay aside your books ? When your faithful clerk is sick, would it not be a good investment in eternal values to take the time to visit him ? These human values, love, kindness, friendliness, cheer, health, faith, and the like, are apt to be obscured by profits and pleasure and ambition and the Institution ; but in our quiet moments, or on our sick bed, when the soul's eyes are opened, we see more clearly.

We have but a little while to live here, and it pays to learn the Higher Values and to go in for them. For what shall it profit a man if he accumulate a bushel of chaff and lose the handful of grain ?

The artist

THE artist is the one who can do two things: See the Beautiful and Reproduce it. We cannot all be artists, in the common use of the word, as we are lacking in the natural gifts; but we can all cultivate Artistry of Life. That is to say, we can learn to see the beautiful, and to reproduce it, in our thoughts, feelings, and acts.

Now the Beautiful is not easy, but very hard to see. As a rule we are ignorant of it, and pass it over until the Genius points it out. It is interesting, for instance, to note how long it took the world to appreciate natural beauty; in Homer and Virgil and Dante there is very little said of the charm of mountain, stream, and sunlight, while modern poets, especially since Wordsworth, are full of such vision. There is marvellous beauty in all of Nature's products, even in grey skies and fallen leaves and bare trees, and in rocks, deserts, and ocean wastes. It is a sign of a cheap and ignorant soul to see only ugliness in one's surroundings. Careful, persistent effort, and long, loving familiarity with Nature, at last open to us her treasures.

Then we can reproduce what we see in our character. It is not a trick of calling natural objects by fanciful spiritual names, as to say violets are modest, and trees noble, and the sun strong, but rather our subtle absorption into the soul of Nature's infinite order and symmetry and calm purpose, of her harmonious lights and shadows, and of her

immutable, patient, gladness. It is rather difficult to express, but it is none the less very real and vital. *The artist*

CONTENTMENT is an herb that grows close along the ground. *Contentment*

The mind that loves to stand aloof and look at humanity, after the manner of philosophers, is not a little amused to witness the crowd striving, longing for happiness, and yet turning their backs on the field where it is, and elbowing one another in their eagerness to get into the field where it is not, and never was.

No wonder the sage said that the world contains some millions of people—mostly fools. Over and over again must it be repeated that the well-springs of joy are to be found along the main-travelled road. The fountains in remote places are salt.

Your life is humdrum. You long for beauty and glamour. You hate your old house with its pots and pans, and the hideous ingrain carpet in the parlour, and the haircloth sofa. Your father and mother bore you. The bare church and its homely folk and the Ten Commandments have gotten on your nerves. You long to flee it all and get to the City, and into the Great World.

It would be worth a good deal to you if you could learn one little secret, namely: that the thing that makes life common and cheap and wretched is—you. Have you not seen how, when the poet touches the

Contentment

common thing, it shines? Would it not be better for you to work for the poet's spirit than to long for other surroundings? What you need is a new spirit. Without it kings are bored in their palaces, the millionaire is tired amid his luxury, and all the geniuses, the favoured, the great and the titled grow sick of existence.

"Nothing endures," said Charles Wagner, "but the eternal commonplace."

Common sense and happiness

WHY is it that this crazy world thinks that the only place to find happiness is in some new-fangled religion, or some new fad, or some patent medicine, or some sort of hocus-pocus? Why do we flee to superstition or some species of insanity for that which ought to be, and is, the property of Common Sense?

And the Common Sense of the matter is this: that no human being ever "found" happiness. Happiness just "happens," of course. It is a gift from Nature. You cannot make it, dig it up, pump it up, buy it, or cause it to appear by sleight of hand. The harder you run after it, the faster it flees before you—like the end of the rainbow.

Happiness always comes to you over your shoulder. And it comes most permanently and regularly to those who are trying to make others happy.

Just help some one, give a smile to a lonely boy, a word of appreciation to a sensitive, discouraged

worker, a bit of forbearance to your wife, and of kindly interest to your children; forget, if you can, how poor you are, how unjustly treated, how lonesome, how wronged; forget it all, and do a little sowing of cheer and good nature in the soil right where you stand; do this, and, the first thing you know, Happiness, the wilful jade, will steal up behind you and have her arms about your neck. *Common sense and happiness*

"I do not care what may be your peculiar religion," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "but if it consists in tormenting yourself and others, I will not say, 'Drop it,' for it may be all you have, but at least conceal it, lest you injure worthier and better folk."

MY grandmother used to say, when we children would complain of certain bodily ailments, that they were only "growing pains." Also she would extend this excuse to cover moral delinquencies. She would remark of my cousin, for instance, when we all thought he was mean, "Now I just know he's not well. You must make allowances for a boy that is growing so fast." *Growing pains*

I have come to the belief that grandmother's remedy, maturity, will cure a lot of things. This truth may be expanded to apply to things in general. A vast deal of what we call Sin, both in the individual and in society, is merely "growing pains."

This world isn't done yet. Of course it doesn't taste good when it's half-baked.

Growing pains

In many respects our Century is like a lopsided, overgrown boy, who doesn't know how to fold up his legs, or where to hide his hands; or like the girl at that age when she is a little too long for short dresses and not old enough for long dresses.

If we will not be impatient, and will kindly wait a thousand years or so, our rickety civilization will look different.

When the scaffolding is all about the building, and the carpenters and plasterers are littering up the place, you can form no idea of how nice the house is going to look when it is finished.

Neither can you tell by biting into a green pear what it would taste like if it were ripe.

Pessimists are the people who stand around under the tree of life, and keep tasting the green fruit. No wonder they curse the tree.

Melody and harmony

JUST as the spoken oration and the written essay are two distinct things, and, though containing precisely the same ideas, produce utterly contrary effects upon the mind; so there are two separate, opposed, and unmixable kinds of music: one, harmony, or the blending of sounds of various pitch and duration; the other, melody, or the procession of single, unaccompanied sounds, one after the other, in the same voice or instrument.

Harmony is intellectual. It requires a certain amount of education and technical apprenticeship

Melody and harmony

to appreciate it. It is for that small portion of the race who care to study music. It has nothing to say to those who approach it naïvely. It is for the sophisticated mind and the trained ear. In the full sense of the word it can never be popular.

Two classes of people go to Operas and Symphony Concerts; those who have studied, and in some measure understand, the intricacies of musical composition, and those who attend because it is "the thing." The people, as such, never go.

Melody, on the contrary, is the peculiar vehicle of emotion. All popular songs, national and religious hymns, and the like, are nothing but plain tunes, that is one note after another in single file. It is melody that reaches the heart: harmony affects the æsthetic sense, and touches the intellect.

The chords and accompaniment of "Annie Laurie" or "Home Sweet Home," or "The Suwanee River," have nothing to do with that idiosyncratic spell each tune casts. In church hymns the profoundest religious impression is made when the whole congregation sings the air. Choirs are essentially non-religious—I do not say irreligious. Humanity is stirred to dancing and war, and weeping and gaiety and worship, by Melody, and by that alone. Harmony is not for the People; it is for the Elect.

The use of the useless

THERE is a peculiarly invigorating intellectual result produced by studying a thing that is perfectly useless. It gives that tonic effect of Play, which children find in their games, and which anything like a Purpose destroys.

Every one ought to have some sort of diversion to which he is addicted, that will do nothing but divert. To show that a game improves the mind or is "good for you" in any sort of way, is to demonstrate that, in so far, it is stupid. The glorious element in golf is its monumental silliness—consider a grown man chasing a little ball over half a township. That the game incidentally draws one outdoors and shakes up the liver, simply classes it with sawing wood. It is the idiocy of the thing that does the "tired business man" good, even more than its physiological phase.

I have in my library Charles Dodgson's "Curiosa Mathematica" (he was that strange professor of mathematics who wrote "Alice in Wonderland"), and Paul Carus's book on "Magic Squares," and a number of similar works that I prize highly. And, speaking of Dodgson, was there ever more delicious nonsense than his Alice books? One can imagine with what abandon of fun the mathematician threw himself into their composition.

Even so, of all games, chess appears to me to be the very cap and crown. It is the only game that human ingenuity has never fathomed and exhausted.

Two expert checker players will draw every time ; the game is known, to the bottom. But chess is greater than the human mind. It contains no chance. It is pure skill. And then, best of all, it isn't the slightest bit of use ; hence it is a real game. *The use of the useless*

IT is not the young, but the old who are individualists. For the first years of a man's life his thoughts run in the grooves of his teaching. All ideas are new and strange to him, even the world-worn platitudes. Hence all institutions, the Church, the Party and the Army, are filled with young people. For in the realm of intellect young people are older than old people ; for the young think in the formulas of yesterday, and it is only as we grow old that we begin to challenge and question words. *The old are the progressive*

Youth is the age of faith, because a man has not yet come to himself, he is at sea in the welter of surging thought and feeling, and grasps at any positivity or ritual or proverb, as a drowning man clutches a plank. Thus he takes seriously the bizarre commonplaces of the secret societies, he earnestly champions the creed he was born to, he screams and sweats in political parades, and it is well known that armies are recruited almost wholly from boys.

Contrary to the common notion, it is old and not young men who furnish us with heretics, free-

The old are the progressive

thinkers, and modernists. For all these are born of doubt, and doubt is a distinct product of experience, and hence comes with age, just as faith is "the substance of things hoped for," and so the property of youth.

The hope of progress lies in old men. If human life terminated as a rule at twenty-five the whole world would remain as fixed and bound in its old institutions as China.

The emotions constructive, the intellect destructive

ALL the constructive work in human progress has been done by the Will and the Emotions; the Intellect is only good for Destruction work. The mind can analyse, it cannot synthesize; it can pull to pieces, but cannot put together. In history you will find the great Doers and Builders to be men of large hearts, violent desires, strong wills and feelings: while the very necessary business of tearing down and removing débris and falsehood and outgrown institutions has been done in the main by great brains. The critics of an organization are always more intellectual than the makers of it.

So these two forces balance the one the other. Always Feeling is creating something; always Thought is judging, criticizing the thing made. Feeling is absurd as a judge; intellect is impotent as a creator.

It is the Love of God that made the world; it is the Wisdom of God that judges the world.

Significantly Jesus is called by the Apostle, "the Power of God and the Wisdom of God." It is because, in the Nazarene was a tremendous force of Emotion that goes on forming system after system, institution after institution; and also a marvellous wisdom which by and by removes these systems and institutions and makes way for better ones in their stead.

The emotions constructive, the intellect destructive

THE Country is too rich for my blood. To dwell among trees and rivers and the intolerable beauty of setting suns is like having Champagne every meal. Mountains especially would drive me mad. Properly to appreciate Nature one should see her occasionally. To go once to Mont Blanc makes you a poet; to live at Mont Blanc will make you a bandit, a guide, or a hotel-keeper. The natives of the Swiss Valleys are, many of them, wretched creatures with the goître; there are many idiots and half-idiots.

The country

The best type of nature-lover is grown in a brick-paved court, walking to and from school through narrow streets, and seeing heaven only as the man in Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Jail" saw

> *that little square of light*
> *which prisoners call the sky.*

If you loved Nature truly you would find her in

The country

your backyard. The prisoner in "La Picciola" had only one little flower to love; so he came to know it. The grass, the dandelions and the dog-fennel behind your house are truly wonderful. If you do not wonder at them, what would you do in an acre of tulips?

A bouquet is a vulgar, senseless attempt to increase the feeling of beauty by multiplication. But you cannot multiply emotion; you can only deepen it, or dissipate it. Take one flower, where it grows, unplucked, and woo it, and you will work it into your soul.

The time element in morals and in beauty

THERE is a time for everything, said Solomon; and the remark is the quintessence of wisdom. Truth is often a matter of time. What was true at five ceases to be true at half-past seven; hunger, for instance. What was true to Mohammed is not so to us. And there are some fundamental axioms of society to-day, which to-morrow will be considered fiction; as, for example, the inalienable right of inheriting property.

Goodness is frequently a question of adjustment. Morality itself cannot be composed of set rules, as if a wall built of eternal bricks; so that the most deeply moral man is not one who has and keeps certain unbending rules, but one who moves according to certain great principles. Real morality is infinitely flexible. It can bend and be moulded

to fit occurrences, not because it is weak, but because it is tough. *The time element in morals and in beauty*

Most of all, Beauty is an affair of the clock and calendar. Whether it be the prettiness upon a girl's cheek, the fullness of her lip, and the shine of her eye, or the blush upon the petal of the rose, or the shattering glory of the western sky when the sun has set, the beauty of one and all lies in their evanescence. To seek to grasp and to hold it, is to clutch at length—ashes. Says the Comte de Ségur, "A Cato twenty years of age, and an Adonis fifty years of age, are equally ridiculous."

THIS is the scenario of a story called "The Letter," which I once wrote and could never induce anyone to publish. The editors seemed to think it was not true to life. What do you think? A tramp, ragged, dirty and hungry, walking along the riverside in Des Moines, Iowa, caught sight of a letter lying on a rubbish heap. Picking it up, he found the envelope unopened. Some one had accidentally dropped it. He put it in his pocket, intending to open it later. A few minutes afterwards he was arrested for vagrancy. He was searched, and the letter, among other things, was taken from him and laid on the police captain's desk. He was sentenced to thirty days' hard labour—because he had no money. *The letter*

The letter was blown out of the window of the

The letter

police station by a gust of wind. A bank clerk, passing by, found it, and intended to put it in the post. But he forgot, as he was in great distress of mind, having taken the bank's funds for speculation, and being unable to replace them. That morning he committed suicide—for lack of three thousand dollars.

The letter had fallen from his pocket into the waste basket. It went to the basement. A boy playing there found it and carried it, in mere boyish pride of having letters. The boy's mother, a poor widow, sent him with a note to the agent from whom she rented, asking further time in which to pay her monthly allowance. The agent refused. The woman was evicted, and went out to service, her boy became a street Arab—all for the lack of a little money.

When the widow's son delivered his mother's note to the agent, the letter he had found in the bank basement fell out of his pocket. When the boy had gone the agent took up the fallen letter. He had not seen the boy drop it, and did not know where it had come from. By this time the address was indecipherable. The agent therefore opened the letter. He found in it three perfectly good one thousand dollar bills. He stowed the money away in his vest, and grinned, as he slowly winked his eye at the universe. For he was already worth over half a million.

THERE is a very real difference between the mind of a man and that of a woman. There is sex in souls and brains as well as in bodies. *Sex differences*

There has been a lot of nonsense uttered upon this subject, and I am exceedingly sceptical about the so-called manly traits and womanly characteristics that have established themselves in the world of platitudes and bromidions. For instance, a woman is not weaker, intellectually, than man, nor more frail, nor less suited to business and politics, nor more fickle, nor vainer. Directly the contrary, the normal woman can stand more pain and do more work than a man, she could carry on a business or manage a state if she had a chance, and she is just as loyal, and usually not as egoistic as the male. But one of the distinctions which I think is founded on fact is this: woman stands for fact, man for theory; woman individualizes, brings everything down to a me, a here, and a now, while man generalizes. Men are only practical because they have to be, to earn a living; women are so by nature. "Woman," as Chesterton puts it, "stands for the idea of Sanity, that intellectual home to which the mind must return after every excursion on extravagance."

It is for this reason that men are, to use Johnson's term, "clubable"; women are not. Men can be massed, as in armies, parties and the like. Each woman is an unmixable queen and individual. To

Sex differences

love men is moral, to love women is immoral: we should love one woman.

Jean Jacques Weiss says: "Never say man, but men; nor women, but woman; for the world has thousands of men and only one woman."

The cruelty of goodness

ONE of the strangest elements of the human tragedy is the way we spoil our lives by our goodness. We use the very excellence of our convictions not to uplift but to batter down our souls. What large areas of useless misery, for example, are caused by the absurd demands we make upon those about us? We spoil our friends by feeling hurt that they are not what they might be, instead of enjoying them by loving them as they are. Many a Mother has walled herself off from her children by her ideas of what they should be. It is not what man and wife are that wrecks most marriages, but is what each thinks the other ought to be.

When parents cannot climb over their convictions and get down to the actuality of their children, the latter soon learn to avoid them. No one is so impossible, so inaccessible to a child as the father or mother who lives the other side of rules and principles. The child takes up with the street ragamuffin, and runs away from his mother, simply because the human heart craves the touch of personality, not abstract virtue.

Of course there are beautiful exceptions, fathers

and mothers who are humble hearted, who study their children as God's miracles, instead of correcting them as if they were adult delinquents. But the average parent offers his child his convictions, not his personality. His mistake is rooted in a worthy desire : he wants his child to be better than himself. *The cruelty of goodness*

Most of the cruelty and lovelessness in families arise from the wish that those we love may be better than ourselves. When young people fall in love they have a perfect debauch of truth-telling ; for when soul really touches soul the result is always truth. After marriage the lover ceases to offer his personality, and comes on with his beliefs, and ideals, and notions of right. This is cold bread after hot biscuit. No one can possibly live up to all another person can imagine. It is then they lie—to keep the peace. It is then comes estrangement. The ikon kills the soul.

I NEVER can reconcile myself to the idea of being a man. In my inner consciousness I always seem to myself to be a boy. I feel I shall never grow up ; and I don't want to. I want to live and die a boy. The affairs of men do not interest me. All adulthood is boresome. I loathe business and propriety, and the idea of having a position to maintain. *The boy*

Play is much more worth while than work ; and I

The boy

write for a living because writing is a sort of game, and it interests me.

There is a story that illustrates the kind of people I have no use for. A little boy, one of the guests at a birthday party, was found at the table, alone in the dining-room, by the hostess, when all the other children had gone out to play. He was crying.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" said the lady.

Bobby, whining and digging his fist into his eye: "I don't know."

"Won't you eat something more?"

"I did eat more."

"Then put some apples and candy in your pocket."

"I did. Pockets full."

"Then maybe if you'd go out and run around a little you could eat some more."

"Been out!"

There you have the blasé person who is not interested in anybody, the person who writes reviews, throttles enthusiasms, is more afraid of being ridiculous than of being dead and dried, cultivates the cynical smile, sneers at bumptious boys and giggling girls, and sits around and hates himself and every one else generally. Who laughs at youth, laughs at cosmic energy, and whose laughter is but the rattling of the dry bones of hope, the poison wind whistling from the desert of dead illusions.

The uses of monsters

NATURE which has use for everything, has use also for Monsters. I refer not only to monstrous criminals, but to monstrous thinkers and saints as well. And by monster I mean anyone that pushes his deed or thought to excess of its logical extreme.

In every theory there lurks some error. It is in the Monster that this is displayed. He carries the theory to its pitiless conclusion, and we see how much terror hides even in a good thing. New England theology never became conscious of itself until Jonathan Edwards pushed its programme with resistless logic to its perfect consequences. The theory of absolutism could not become conscious of itself without the Inquisition and a Borgia Pope. Similarly, religious doubt was self-revealed in an Ingersoll. It was as if the virus inherent in the imperial idea of old Rome must break out in a boil, which was Nero. And artistic sentiment had to send up its sickly flower, Oscar Wilde, to relieve the evil in its veins.

For this reason it has been said with truth that the worst tyrant is a kind and just one. For if a system is bad, the best thing for the world is that it be administered by some one who will reveal its full badness, and not by one who will dull the edge of its cruelty by his personal virtues. What humanity probably needs in Russia is not a humane Tsar, but another Ivan the Terrible.

The uses of monsters

So the whole criminal class in our own community, the indwellers of our penitentiaries and jails, and the hideous creatures that slouch along our slums, and the slums themselves, are of first social, moral and economic value, in that they reveal Humanity to itself. If these eruptions did not appear, the Body Politic would soon fall into a mortal fever.

And in seeking remedies, therefore, let us not attack symptoms, but let us try to ascertain and remove causes.

Contemporaries

IT is a mistake to suppose that all whom you meet are your contemporaries. Even in your own household, or at least in your circle of acquaintances, you will find some who live in the tenth, and some who live in the twenty-fifth century. I have one clerical friend who distinctly belongs to the Pliocene epoch or to that of old red sandstone ; he is as fixed, fossilized and flattened as petrified fish. Another friend was born some two hundred years before his time ; he is continually going about with millennial feelings, and he will be dead many a year before anyone understands him.

For that matter you have only to cross the line from the United States to Mexico to drop back five hundred years ; one would not be surprised to meet Christopher Columbus any day in the streets of Guadalajara. As you go from Notre Dame de Paris to the Chamber of Deputies you climb up the steps

of a chiliad. Lump together Chicago, Fez, Rothenberg, Ravenna, and Lisbon, and the incongruities of time in your mixture are greater than those of space. "The Irishman who spoke of the so-called nineteenth century," writes Zangwill, "was severely logical. The nineteenth century has not yet dawned for the bulk of our planet. The common reckoning of time, so that it is the same date, within twelve hours, all over its surface, is fantastic. There are in fact a bewildering diversity of dates." *Contemporaries*

A GERMAN in New York the other day cut his throat because he did not receive an expected letter containing a remittance; and all the while the letter was in the box; he had not seen it because it lay flat on the bottom, and was of the same colour as the wood. *Overlooked happiness*

A man named Perkins prospected all over Cripple Creek and found nothing; the next day Stratton cracked a boulder six feet from the path Perkins had followed, and the result was a mine from which he unearthed millions.

Mark Twain told of being lost in the snow out West, and lying down to die in the darkness of the night; when he awoke in the morning he was not a hundred rods from the hotel.

The pathetic thing about humanity is not that its desired joy and peace are so far off, but that they are so near—and unseen.

Overlooked happiness

The world is like a fat Dutchman, whistling for his dog, and wondering where it is, when all the while the poodle is at his feet, concealed beneath his abdominal protuberance.

The race dreams of a Golden Age somewhere down the dim future, and forms traditions of a Paradise away back in the dim past. But this is the Golden Age, and here is Paradise.

The religionist hopes for bliss on the other side of Jordan. He expects "to go to Heaven when he dies." And yet the greatest of religious teachers declared that we should not say of Heaven, "Lo, Here! or Lo, There! For the Kingdom of Heaven is among you." He used continually to say it was "at hand."

If there is any one thing that our wisest men have demonstrated, from Socrates and Epictetus to Carlyle and Thoreau, it is that Happiness is Here, and that the one certain place where it is Not—is Somewhere Else.

Intellectual snobbery

THE who's who habit is wholly vicious. The Anecdotes-of-Famous-Men books, in addition to being drivel, have a horrible reaction upon the mind of the young. Intellectual snobbery is no whit better than any other kind of snobbery. The child at school sedulously pursuing the careers of Great Men in History, the mother at home buried in the Blue Book to ascertain who is Somebody, the grown

sons and daughters sweating to annex their fortunes to people of Standing, the father returning home to regale the family with an account of his meeting with a certain Big Bug, all form an edifying spectacle. *Intellectual snobbery*

We are so mad to know Uncommon Folk that we have no time nor inclination to cultivate Common Folk, and common folk are, after all said and done, the only people worth knowing. Did you ever reflect that the man whose title to being well-read consists in his having read much-advertised books, is the same kind of man who is proud of knowing the railway conductor ?

And how the young woman of a certain age rolls the names of celebrated actors and actresses as a sweet morsel under her tongue !

Now, the man who sells peanuts on the corner is a very remarkable person, your washerwoman has had a thrilling life, and the little school ma'am who teaches your children has a head full of ideas and a heart full of poetry.

Fools wonder at what is uncommon, said Emerson, and wise men wonder at what is common.

THE happiest people are the workers. Look at the dinner pail brigade going to the factory, of mornings. Their faces are shining, their step is free and glad. And then look at the guests of the Grand Hotel de Luxe, at the summer resort where *Work and cheer*

Work and cheer

it costs fourteen dollars a day for board and room, and, before they begin to rouse themselves with alcohol, notice how jaded and faded and bored they look.

There's a vast deal of nonsense written about "the man with the hoe." He is a much more cheerful individual than the man with the golf-stick—except when he is a fool. Happiness is the child of weariness from work. It is the shadow cast by the light from work. Resting is not good when you rest all the time. But it is mighty good after a ten-mile tramp. People who have turkey every day cannot enjoy a banquet. Christmas means nothing to the child whose hands are full of dolls and sweets and tin soldiers all the year round. The law that "he who will not work shall not eat" is no truer than Nature's law that "he who Does not work Cannot eat."

Work is the mother of Joy. To find a task, making something useful, is the art of life.

Work is the mother of Truth. Not by studying, but by Doing, does the real Truth about anything soak into your soul, whether it be botany or sign-painting, languages or car building, philosophy, theology, or politics.

Doubt and despair love to take lodgings in the mind out of a job.

This was Carlyle's gospel, and a good one: "Find thy task, and, in God's name, produce! Produce! if only the smallest fraction!"

THE root of culture is nothing more nor less than unselfishness. The only way to inward Peace is to become indifferent to yourself. To be a philosopher, to view destiny with calm eyes, you do not need to be learned or old: all you need is to be more interested in the universe and its wonders than you are in yourself and your appetites. The secret of worry is looking out for Number One. You will find, when you let Number One go, that you have established a *modus vivendi*, and that you are no longer tossed about from passion to repentance, but have discovered a smiling middle-of-the-road in this strange world, and can face death, fame, obscurity, success or failure, with equal composure.

The root of culture

Unselfishness is the secret of Good Taste. In rich or poor, educated or ignorant, it is the care and love of self that give the fatal flavour of vulgarity. Everybody would be polite if everybody were modest. When a woman's robe passes the line of usefulness and becomes a flaunt, when the scholar seeks not to know, but to show he knows, when anyone, in short, begins to strut, he becomes offensive. Unselfishness is the gist of Spirituality. There are two rivers of the soul. One flows inward—that is Sin. The other flows outward—that is Goodness. All crimes of the lower order, such as drunkenness, theft, revenge, jealousy, and the sins of the flesh, flow toward us. And even the higher emotions, even

The root of culture

Religion, when reversed and flowing inward, become wicked; for religion can turn to pride, self-righteousness, bigotry, and persecution. All ennobling emotions move out from the soul; as love, loyalty, kindness, charity, worship, and the like. Centripetal feelings are bad; centrifugal impulses are good.

When you analyse vulgarity you discover that "the fly that causeth the ointment to stink" is selfishness. This is the disgusting element in loud talking, self-praise, self-disparagement, jewellery, perfumes, alcohol, and pessimism.

Wanted—High Jinks

PROHIBITION has every argument in its favour. The advocates, however, overlook one thing—human nature. And the particular element in human nature to which I refer, is the necessity inborn in the average healthy human animal to "bust loose" once in a while. People as a rule do not drink because they like the taste. That is the end of the drinking habit, not its beginning. They drink because they want to escape from the realm of humdrum, and want largeness, liberty, and exaltation. Drink is a short cut, and of course a bad one, to high, rosy, and sparkling feelings. Prohibiting this is of little value unless you give something in its stead. Give men a better way to glory, for they are incapable of resisting the temptation to be glorious,

and if they can find no other way they will get gloriously drunk. *Wanted—High Jinks*

O, for a prophet to appear and teach us how to play! How to shout, and dance, and sing, without hurting anybody! We know all the rules for being good, though sick abed, and old, and feeble, and tired; will some one please rise and explain how we can be good, though full of physical electricity, and moral dynamite, and spiritual flame.

I would like to insert this advertisement in the morning paper of the universe: "Wanted—High Jinks that one is not ashamed of the morning after. Spices that leave no poison in our body, remorse in our soul, or bad taste in our mouth. Jamborees in which we can invite our boy or girl to participate. N.B.: they must be something a person would want. We are overstocked already with alleged substitutes nobody wants."

What we want is some new method of letting off steam. Anyone can suggest riveting down the safety-valve. If you would be a real benefactor of the human race tell us how to cavort and caper merrily, and not smash things. Invent some new method to prevent humanity from bursting its boiler, and to give it a decent outlet, untainted by immorality or disgrace.

Why a too fine house is immoral

THERE is not much doubt but that a too fine house is immoral. There is some excuse for royal palaces, and a King may have the right to live in a house with two hundred rooms, because he represents the public in a way, and in monarchies the people feel the monarch's magnificence to be theirs. But what right has a pork-packer or a brewer, a clothier or a son-of-somebody, who represents no one but himself, to luxury and extravagance ! I have no objection to a man living in a palace, only along with glory ought to go responsibility. The curse of twentieth-century riches is not that it rules, for somebody has to rule, and I would as soon be governed by a millionaire as by a Tsar ; but it is that it rules without being responsible. Money is immoral only because it does as it pleases. The millionaire's son to-day is far more of a buccaneer and has far more unbridled power than had the mediæval barons, for the feudal lords at least fought at the head of their retainers and protected their dependents.

There has been much cheap carping at the money wasted in building Cathedrals, but the Cathedral belonged quite as much to the poor as to the rich. The poor old woman, with her basketful of eggs, kneels in the light of its gorgeous rose-window, and shares in the consolation of the mass, as freely as the duchess in her stiff satin robes. Nothing is too glorious or too costly for the people. Glory and

finery are not immoral in themselves, they only become so when they cease to be public.

Why a too fine house is immoral

WHY is it that money is always such a friend of the past? Why are rich men continually leaving their hoards to institutions to perpetuate something? Why not leave some money to create and beget and commence something? Why endow the past? Why not endow the future! We have trouble enough in this world with old ideas, worn-out beliefs, and mummied credulities, without artificially, prolonging their existence by invested funds. The earth is cumbered with endowed junk. A millionaire usually "collects," that is to say he gathers pictures and statues and vases and bronzes and bric-à-brac, as a dog gathers fleas.

Money an enemy of the future

Why cannot some bemillioned creature turn to and invest in the future? Almost all our liberties and joys have come from advancement and discovery, so why not grease the wheels of chance instead of blocking them?

Instead, therefore, of buying the masterpieces of Raphael and Tintoret, invest in the paintings of the future; instead of assembling old books, provide for new ones; instead of leaving money to ancient institutions, offer prizes to those that will quit; instead of tying your money in a heavy pack around the neck of the race, put your money in its pocket and bid it fare forth and God speed! "Cannot I

Money an enemy of the future

breathe into you, O Magnificent Ones," cries Zangwill, "a little proper pride! Why not buy with your millions an earth renewed and regenerated, a solvent social order?"

Work is the highest form of joy

WHILE engaged in the composition of "Tristan and Isolde" Wagner wrote to Liszt: "I have just played over the first half of Act I and I must say to myself what der liebe Gott said when He had finished part of the world—It is good! I have no one to praise me—just as it was in the case of the Creator 6000 years ago—and so I say to myself, Richard, you're a great fellow!"

Again while writing this same opera, his masterpiece, in which he gave full vent, unafraid, to his musical convictions, he says, "I find the world less and less necessary to me: I could work on, if I never had a thing published."

Here is a glimpse of the supreme joy of a man in his work. Robert Louis Stevenson said once that, dearly as he loved his wife, he could conceive of living on without her, should she die, and so of all things dear and pleasurable, but that he could not at all conceive of any existence apart from his work.

The older I get the more it is borne in upon me that this notion of Stevenson is right, and that the highest, noblest, most permanent form of joy, in this world or the next, is to feel within oneself the ability to do something, to have the chance and

health to do it, and actually to Do it. It is not the Pay nor the Praise of it, it is the Work itself that counts. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said the Master; and our divinest joy therefore is work-joy.

Work is the highest form of joy

I believe with Schopenhauer that "the highest joy is the consciousness and use of one's forces."

THE other night I wakened, and in the still darkness lay and listened to the beating of my heart. Off in the distance I heard a freight engine laboriously puffing along, evidently with a heavy load. And the thought came to me that I had about as much to do with one as with the other. To be sure, I can, in a measure, control my heart; strong emotions affect it, and I can take medicines that retard or quicken it, also I can stop it any time I wish, with a knife or otherwise; but daily and nightly it is pounding away without any orders from me. It seems to be attending to its own business, whether I as a stranger pay attention to it or not.

Listening to heart-beats

Is not the whole unconscious activity of the body rather an uncanny thing? Invisible chemists in my alimentary canal are transforming the food I give them into chyle, other workmen take up this product and make it into blood, and still others from the blood weave muscle and bone and skin. When disease microbes invade me the warrior white corpuscles attack and devour them. Liver and kidneys

Listening to heart-beats

carry on their secret processes. Messages are telephoned along nerve-wires to and from every part of the organism through the central stations of brain and ganglia.

And it all goes on without any orders from Me! Somebody wound up this body-machine, and it will go on until it runs down. It runs its course as the sun and the trees run their courses. What is its relation to Me? I know that when it ceases I shall die. But shall I continue then, separate from it? Or am I merely one of its functions, and at last shall I go out like a flame when the oil is spent? Am I a Lodger in the House, or am I merely a part of the House?

The authority of time

TO read only what is easy to read is like eating nothing but mush. The mind is developed only by effort.

The world has lasted a long time, and is very wise, much wiser than any one of us, and when, after twenty years of testing, the world says that such and such a book is worth while, it becomes you and me to read it, and, if we do not like it, to keep on reading it until we do like it.

There are certain realms of personal taste in which we have no rights. No intelligent person has a right to say he does not enjoy Homer or Dante or Shakespeare or Goethe. Such masters have passed beyond the bar of private judgment. They have become a part of great Nature herself. To say they

The secret of love

The law of harmony

The fear of happiness

way? I am not speaking of sin and shiftlessness; that is another story. But of non-moral matters, would we not be much better off if each of us let himself be as happy as he can?

Of all superstitions, that which causes the most useless annoyance is the notion that something bad is going to happen because we are so glad to-day. To all of us, this idiotic fear comes as an occasional qualm; to many it is a settled creed, a sort of miserable philosophy of life.

We are all, as a rule, happy enough; though we dare not acknowledge it without knocking on wood. We do not need new recipes for happiness so much as sense to appreciate what we have. We eternally tinker with ourselves, trying new medicines and new faiths, trying to get by hocus-pocus what is already ours by fact. Only, by some perverseness of our make-up, we esteem it more pious to believe in the vindictiveness of God than in His Kindness, and we shy at Happiness, as if it were a piece of cheese in the mouse-trap of destiny.

Superstition

A SUPERSTITION is a kind of spiritual blood-poison. It is a toxic idea, a septic conception, that is liable at any time to throw the whole mind into fever. Sometimes it produces a panic of the reasoning faculties, which may be called paralysis of the intelligence.

There seems to be some connexion between super-

stition and religious feeling ; but it is only apparent and not real, as alcohol produces temporarily and artificially similar results to those caused by health and youth. *Superstition*

The core of any superstition is ignorance. This is also true of religion ; but with a difference ; for, while religious emotion springs from the infinite realm of nescience which naturally lies outside the bounds of the human mind, superstition has to do with ignorance of common and near-by things about which we might know the truth if we would. Therefore, to tremble with awe at Deity, which word stands for the wide and metaphysic potencies of the universe, is ennobling to a man, is the source of morals, and makes him humble and brave ; but to have a fear for the number Thirteen, or Fridays, or the New Moon, does nothing but debauch and devitalize the mind, and render a man less than a dog. Superstitions are sisters to the vices, and go well with all kinds of base perversions, vileness and cruelty ; while the "Fear of the Lord," as the psalmist says, "is Clean."

How the unseen controls

WE say of a house or of a building that it was put up by contractors. Nothing of the kind. It is an Aladdin-built affair. It is the excrescence of a dream. You have read how God made the world ? All houses are built much the same way. They are spirit-fiats.

How the unseen controls

Once there was an invisible spirit, called a man. He had an intangible notion called a thought: it was an airy nothing, such stuff as dreams are made of. But the Thought grew and mounted and began to rule. It made architects sit down and draw plans upon papers: this was the score of the Orphean building-music. The thought waved its wand, and the ends of the earth trembled. Trees groaned and fell, saws and planes came to them, and smoothed them to boards. Rocks came crawling from the quarries, and took shape four-square. Iron came from the bowels of the hills, sought fire, and turned to varied shapes. The clay grew into brick, and mortar edged around it. Freight trains and teams moved. Armies of workmen gathered. Finally the decorators, painters, and furnishers, danced in and out. Then people saw that thought had done a thing as miraculous as was ever done by the Genii of the Arabian Nights.

When we think of this we understand what Schelling meant when he called architecture "Frozen Music."

Passion

A CORRESPONDENT writes me: "I am a reader of your articles. There is one word which puzzles me, and I hope you will explain it. The word is 'passion.' What is the difference between love, passion, and affection? Can we have sex-love without passion? Can we say mother's love has passion, or love of humanity or of God?"

Passion

From its etymology passion carries with it the idea of suffering, as it is derived from the Latin word meaning to suffer. In homely, street English, therefore, passion is merely a stronger term for an emotion of any kind, that is, for instance, love, when it becomes so strong it "hurts."

This intensity of emotion is the most beautiful and redeeming thing in humanity. An artist can do no good painting, a musician no masterful composition, a man cannot become a great actor, or singer, or money-maker, or soldier; a youth is a poor stick of a lover, and a girl an undesirable sweetheart, and a believer a poor Christian, unless in each instance there is fire enough to be called passion.

Passion is not bad, any more than flame and steam and electricity are bad. Passion sometimes destroys, just as conflagrations and boiler-burstings and lightnings kill. Any good force unregulated, or treated with ignorance, is dangerous. Thank your Maker for every atom of fire-force in you. Then learn how to use it. For it is the measure of your Power, among men. Also it is the measure of your Goodness, for your real goodness consists not in the number of things you do not, but in the vigour of your helpful, loving doings.

Dante's Heaven glows with warmth and passion; his Hell in its bottommost pit, where the Devil himself is, he found Ice Cold.

Love clings to imperfections

LOVE clings to imperfections, as an ivy fastens upon the scars and bumps of a wall. We do not love people because they are good or beautiful or strong. It is when they fail in these perfections that love rises, as at a challenge, and passionately asserts itself. A mother loves a wayward child with a bellicose intensity; the women who have been famous in history for their triumphs over the hearts of men have been rather plain, they were not faultless pictures, at least, so tradition has it concerning Cleopatra, Ninon de L'Enclos and Aspasia; and the wife of a good-for-nothing scamp or a brutal tyrant often displays a tigerish affection which a decent man can hardly hope to enjoy from his spouse.

The fact seems to be that love, in its intenser manifestations, is much mixed with the passion of self-sacrifice. A man never loves his country so much as when he can suffer and die for it. The wildest, maddest type of emotion toward a woman is frequently found when that woman is wholly unworthy of affection. Carmen and Sapho drive men crazy.

Perhaps, therefore, in love, as in all good things, excess is dangerous. Possibly also the highest and most desirable type of woman is such as retains a touch of virgin snow beneath her summer moods, such as remains forever not wholly conquered, such as can melt enough to move man, but have reserves

enough to baffle him ; in other words, the best woman to love is the kind that keeps you guessing. *Love clings to imperfections*

OUR illusions are our chief treasure. To lose one's money is not always so bad ; but to be bankrupt in illusions is as good as death. *Illusions*

It is by illusions that Nature gets things done. She keeps dangling impossible happiness and greatness before our noses to make us go forward, much as the carter holds a peck of oats before a baulky mule.

When we grow so wise that we perceive the cheat, when we refuse to grasp at dreams and push on toward mirages, that is what is known as Growing Old. Nature then kindly removes us, as being of no more use to her. She prefers an ounce of faith to a ton of experience.

When Solomon was a young man he built a temple and otherwise stirred about mightily. When he grew old he wrote the book of Ecclesiastes, wherein he exclaims, "So I was great and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem ; also my wisdom remained with me. And, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Therefore I hated life."

Old age is not years ; it is disillusion. It is not facts and conditions that keep life young ; it is enthusiasms. The best part of you is the rainbow in your soul. You do not need furniture, you need enchantment. What you want is not a rich uncle,

Illusions

but a fairy godmother. Most of the good of your life is the sediment left by the passing over of dreams. Life is empty and homeless without Castles in Spain. Life is cold and lonesome without fays and ogres. Little children, who are familiar with such real unrealities, are the happiest portion of the race.

Quality and quantity of life

WHAT we need is to improve the Quality of Life, and not the Quantity. We want to live more deeply, not more widely: a richer, and not a more extensive existence. Wide travel, much reading, the meeting of many men, all these are not necessary. We can find what we seek by digging deep enough in our own backyard, as well as by running over the surface of the earth in chase of it. To better life's Quality we should do more weeding than planting. The hermits and anchorites had the right principle, but used it ignorantly. Seeking to strengthen religious emotion, which they took to be the one thing worth while, they isolated themselves in cells and caves. It is still true that whoever wants a deep and strong life has to learn self-denial. "Entsagen sollst du!" is Goethe's word: "Thou must renounce."

For instance, the quality of your reading is heightened as you read a few books, with care and reflection. Novel after novel gulped down makes the mind thin and watery. The secret of good reading is in the art of rejection. The Quality of your

Quality and quantity of life

memory is strengthened by the thorough memorization of a few things. The best memory is the one that seeks to forget most things. Not a capacious memory, but an intensive and selective memory is what we want. The Will also is toughened by letting most things go, and concentrating on essentials. Love must be constantly weeded. And art and learning and culture come by concentration. Most of the worry and self-pity and irritation of life is due simply to scattering. Simplify, reduce, cut off, select; so comes efficiency, and efficiency brings peace, and peace brings reinvigoration for more efficiency; and life thus grows, increasing.

The tragedy of hesitation

WHATEVER you do, do not hesitate. Hesitation is tragic. *Hamlet*, the greatest of all tragedies, is the picture of the hesitating soul. In the palace of Fontainebleau is a pathetic sight, which strikes the beholder like a blow; it is a table, full of little holes, where Napoleon jabbed his knife as he sat before it, hesitating to abdicate.

The Irish rule in a fight is to hit first. It is instinct with philosophy. The bridge-player who tampers with his card before playing it has betrayed his hand. Whatever is done at once, even if it be wrong, has some merit. It is largely a matter of habit. Dawdling with a decision grows on one. By and by one gets into a state where any responsibility for immediate action brings on chills and fever. Life

The tragedy of hesitation

becomes entirely inefficient. One's spirit is always shrinking and hiding. The will is utterly limp. One curative reflection for the indecisive is, that no one ever knows precisely what is best. Prompt and positive people know no more than you, see no more clearly. They are possibly wrong in what they do as often as you. But they save themselves a world of self-torture by doing something, at once. Think twice before you speak is an excellent maxim if taken literally, that is: do not think more than twice. Balance the probabilities the best you can, make your decision as honestly as you can. No one but God knows, anyhow, what will be the full consequences.

The danger of appreciation

DON'T complain if you are not paid. It's the work that's never paid for that is good. Jesus said of the Pharisees, "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." And for that reason their deeds were of no permanent value. Don't expect appreciation. The finest things you do are those that are never appreciated. This is a very piercing gospel, and most mortally true. You must make your choice between Success inside and Success outside, between Getting On and Getting Great. If you are going in for high place and money power, you may do so; this is a free country. By all means struggle to the top, if you wish; but do not try to embellish the operation by fine moral sentiments.

The danger of appreciation

The whole process, and the aim itself, are immoral. You are committing character suicide. Do not write books and teach a Sunday School class that you have risen by honesty and integrity. The whole range of Samuel Smiles literature, which proclaims that virtue and truth will get a lad a rise from $40.00 to $100.00 a month, and finally three automobiles and the Presidency, is only partially true. Absolute virtue is all right for the office boy, but for the private secretary or President is needed an accommodating and flexible rectitude. In the realm of the world's honours virtue carried to excess is mediocrity. It is the blended brand of righteousness that succeeds on week-days; the bottled-in-bond is too strong.

This is not wicked. On the contrary, it is the opposite teaching that is wicked. In the realm of clear moral vision, to set one's heart on Getting On, on money or fame, is a nasty business. And it is what is the matter with our civilization. Life, real life, consists in developing one's personality and gifts, in doing useful work for the joy of it and not for pay, and in being good because one likes it and not in order to get to heaven. The moment you do any one of these things for any sort of a price you become a moral libertine, you belong to "this evil and adulterous generation." And you probably don't understand this because you don't understand Jesus.

We learn each other by fighting

WE never really get acquainted with a man until we have a fight with him. Boys intuitively understand this. When a new boy comes to school the other boys proceed to lick him. But we are mistaken if we take this for a sign of coldness or reserve ; on the contrary, it is the natural method of the human animal in approaching his kind. "All men kill the thing they love" is a psychological truth. At least they want to kill it. Love is next door to battle. Don't imagine that simple and direct souls hate what they torment. The bull-necked cabman loves the horse he mauls. When the section hand comes home drunk and clips his wife over the head, she doesn't take it amiss, and when she responds by flooring him with the rolling-pin he bears no rancour when he comes to. We all do the same, in ways less obvious. The normal married pair are in perpetual battle, even if in subtle, well-bred ways. Their souls wrestle continually for dominance. True love knows no peace. It must conquer or surrender. Its joy is struggle-joy. The man who has definitely and finally subdued his wife is in danger ; he is liable to meet some other woman whose personality will challenge him. So also no woman can afford a decisive victory over her husband. You can live in calmest peace with a person you care little for, but when love comes he is like Job's war-horse and "smelleth the battle afar off."

We learn each other by fighting

This is also a truth in souls in their highest phases. Jacob, at Peniel, wrestled with the angel and so received a blessing. And the lives of all the Saints show us how God comes nearest to the torn soul that has fought with him. This struggle does not at all mean discord and hostility and petty irritation. I speak of deeper matters.

Love's misunderstandings

I HAVE seen the tragedy among the children of men ; a man and a woman loving each other deeply, and yet unable to endure each other's society. When separated they sigh and burn for union ; when they come together they bicker and quarrel. I have written much of Love giving insight, but there are times when I want to cancel all I have said, times when I believe that the one thing that is incapable of understanding is Love. For there are men anyone except a wife can get along with ; there are women anyone except a husband can appreciate. It is as though some souls are possessed by a demon that cannot resist a perverse impulse to stick, pinch, and stab, whatever they love.

What is a more wretched spectacle than the sight of husband and wife constantly irritating each other, misconstruing each other, setting traps for each other, living constantly on the offensive and defensive, oscillating between sulkiness and uxoriousness ? It would seem that two well-meaning people, by sheer force of time, could discover a *modus vivendi*

Love's misunderstandings

for peace and mutual content; but I have seen the mystery of two intelligences, sane and clear, driven daily farther and farther apart, just because they loved each other. What a death in life this must be; to long for love and unity, daily to pray for it, and yet to feel themselves settling more and more into, alienation. "Like flies caught in the impalpable and smoky cobwebs, so men struggle in the webs of their own natures," says Galsworthy, "giving here a start, there a pitiful small jerking long sustained, and falling into stillness. Enmeshed they were born, enmeshed they die, fighting according to their strength to the end."

Pain

AT the top and acme of every motion is pain. Pain is simply the ringing of the danger-bell by Nature, to indicate that the delicate organism of life is threatened. When I bring my hand too near the candle flame, the bell rings to signify that my flesh is in peril of too high temperature. Hunger means my body is threatened with collapse for lack of foreign substance to absorb. Fevers, chills, spasms, aches, and all corporeal miseries are signals from the alarmed seat of life. When any emotion, therefore, passes its safe limit there is pain. We can laugh till it hurts, eat till it hurts, rest till it hurts, play till it hurts, and love till it hurts.

We get the most pleasure out of life, not by increasing our pleasurable sensations, but by moderating

them. He is a fool who, feeling elevated by a little wine, drinks to dizziness; feeling relieved by some amusement, does nothing but amuse himself into ennui; realizing the joy of love, loves to madness; or who even, seeing how good is the religious feeling, pushes it to the point of ecstasy. That way lies perversion, distorted values, morbidity. *Pain*

Whatever is common to men is good, in moderation. Even disappointment, betrayal, bereavement, loneliness, humiliation, and all forms of sorrow have a certain sweet in them, and add to the richness and depth of life, if not extravagant. The fundamental law of heaven is order. The secret of satisfaction in life is self-control.

HUMAN foibles instead of repelling, should attract us. Real love does not attract itself to the perfections, but to the imperfections, of the beloved, as a vine clings to the roughness, the cracks and bumps of a wall, and not to a polished surface. You will find that the average and normal wife loves her husband more for his little frailties than for his rectitudes. Really our excellences are in each other's way. We can hate a man for being so correct, but we never hate a person because he is near-sighted, or bald, or quick-tempered. *Lovable faults*

All some men need is a few redeeming faults. Nothing is so borous as impeccability. I was never warmed toward old Pythagoras until I made a

Lovable faults

curious discovery. I knew that he was called "the first philosopher," that he converted the inhabitants of a great city from habits of debauchery and luxury to virtue and sobriety, and that altogether he had the reputation of being one of the world's wisest men; but I never grew to love him, until I found out that he had strictly enjoined upon his disciples that they should not eat beans, and that so greatly did he hate beans that he chose rather to be killed by his pursuers than to make his escape through a bean-field. This bean nonsense sends the live blood through the marble statue and transforms it into a human.

And one could hug tyrannical old Sam Johnson, the Great Mogul of English letters, when one reads that he would never enter a room with his left foot foremost.

Reversed Plagiarism

THERE is a sort of Reversed Plagiarism. That is to say, as plagiarism is passing off as your own the words of some one else, so reversed plagiarism is passing off as a quotation, the words which are merely your own. There is a great temptation to do this. A distinguished name carries conviction. Mark Twain, just for fun, deliberately made up a quotation from Burns, and captured the applause of a Scottish audience. To read some writers, as Sir John Lubbock for example, is to feel yourself literally clubbed into conviction by great names. Quotation

after quotation is rained upon you, and while you might dare to disagree with Lubbock, you would not venture to peep against his glittering company. Feeling this force we are tempted to make the noble names say not only what they did say but what they ought to have said. My remark is a musket-ball; if I could lay it to Socrates it would be a ten-pounder. George Ade has a very funny parable in which a preacher, who had always talked simply, and was losing his audience, began to quote from imaginary authors, including a certain fictitious Icelandic poet, and so became famous. And to prove all this I will quote—a real quotation, on my honour—from La Bruyère, who a long time ago said: "A good saying often runs the risk of being thrown away when quoted as the speaker's own." *Reversed Plagiarism*

CONSCIENCE is a good thing, and, like all good things, dangerous. The crimes that have been committed by men who knew they were doing wrong have not been so fearful as the crimes by those who thought they were doing right. *The dangers of conscience*

Canon Gore said a wise thing when he declared that "a man's duty is not to follow his conscience, but to educate it."

A little soul holding on like a bull-dog to the tail end of a great principle, and whip-cracking about among his fellows as he follows that principle around in its huge curves, is a deadly menace.

The dangers of conscience

That supreme, life-and-death loyalty to the right, which has been so much praised, is not always good. Sincerity, faith, and devotion, are essentially relative terms. And whether they are of service to the soul itself, or to the race, depends entirely on that which is the Object of the said devotion, faith, and sincerity. There's only one thing in this universe of men and near-men that is always Good, full of health, soundness and peace, whose apples are of the sustenance of the soul, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations: and that thing is—the Truth. God help the poor fools who live in a little world of their own, full of ardent credulities, firm loyalties, strong enthusiasms—but without Facts. I'd rather know the Truth in a barnyard than love a lie in a temple.

Beginning in chaos and ending with the stars

THE world began in chaos and ends with the stars. I do not know whether I have heard that somewhere, or whether it is original. It is one of those sentences one Seems to have heard.

At any rate it contains truth. It might be better to say, the world began in chaos and ends with the human brain. For the brain is perhaps more wonderful than the stars.

But the core of the thought is, that out of lawlessness is formed law, out of the formless comes form, out of sand and ashes arises the house, out of dust of the ground develops man.

Beginning in chaos and ending with the stars

The drift of things, the direction of the universe, as far as we can guess its plan, is not toward decay, but toward increased organization. All things are not dwindling into their original elements; on the contrary, original elements are constantly combining to make more and more perfect and complicated things.

Any one given object passes, dies. We, as individuals, "from day to day do ripe and ripe, and then from day to day we rot and rot," but thereby does NOT hang any tail. The Sum of things, Humanity, the general Body of Truth, such entities as Science and Religion, and the Universe itself, keep eternally young. There is not the least symptom of old age, or defeat, or warning, in the Universe.

Pain is the cutting edge of pleasure

THOSE who exclaim against Pain, and accuse the goodness of the Creator because He so made the world of men that suffering is inevitable, do not understand the higher quality of Pleasure. For the joy that is wholly devoid of anything that hurts is cheap and shallow. Aside from the milder bodily appetites, and the colourless, drab enjoyments of laziness, all desires burn and torment in some degree. One does not know the delight of drinking until he has a raging thirst, nor of eating unless he has been sometime half starved, nor of sleep except he has felt the torture of utter weariness and drowsihead. Perhaps the most homely of all comforts are slippers,

Pain is the cutting edge of pleasure

which would mean nothing to us had we no tired feet. Those who never enter the doorway of Pain never come into the house of Pleasure. Hence it has always been the art of men greedy of high pleasure to invent foils of pain to set them off. The Romans could not fully enjoy their sensual ecstasies of banquets and revellings without gladiatorial games and other cruel sports. All high pitches of feeling are akin: and excessive voluptuousness is always bloodthirsty and venomous. Even in the days when men revelled in religious crises of emotion, had visions, and mystical spasms of spiritual beauty, they devised the agonies of the holy Inquisition as a background. "There is gloom in deep love," says Landor, "as in deep water; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song." Pain is the mark of greatness. Pain is the cutting edge of Pleasure.

There is no God but my God

THERE is, after all, no God but My God. Whoever the habitant of heaven's throne and earth's rule may be, He is in the last analysis my personal something. Whatever real religion a man has is entirely an affair between himself and his peculiar Deity. No spiritual revelations come to crowds. St. Francis was alone in the Chapel when he received the stigmata. Every soul has been

alone when it has received any spirit touch. Moses was alone in the mountain. *There is no God but my God*

God is as secret as one's guilt He is as private as one's conscience. He is as intimate as one's emotion.

The God of multitudes, of the congregation, of the world is imposing to the imagination, but He does not reach the soul. The soul's God dwells in the very bottom of the funnel of silence, in the last locked isolation of solitude. Whoever does not find God alone does not find Him at all.

God as a usable idea, is not the Lord of Hosts, but the Lord of one single human being. He bears upon men, not in the lump, but individually. To use a phrase of Victor Hugo, "He is the ocean roar in the single soul, the rising tide in one heart." Doubting Thomas had never believed in God at all until he cried: "My Lord and my God."

THE best wisdom and the best religion come, like the best health, by the way. In the highest realms of endeavour the adage that "you get what you go after" is not true. Your greatest reward is something you did not go after at all; it falls in with you as you walk, it slips in upon you as you sleep; in other words, the supremest things in mind and character just come, and you cannot get them. *The best comes by the way*

When boys play football, what they want is to win,

The best comes by the way

to get the pigskin into the other fellows' goal. But winning means nothing to wise old Nature, and the Universe does not care where the pigskin goes to. These things are mere bait. Mark the boy's splendid physique, his emphatic spirits and radiating health. Ask him where he got these. He doesn't know. They just come. Now if he had quitted playing and gone in pursuit of health he would have missed it. Only sickly folks are everlastingly seeking health. Beans and sidemeat and forgetfulness make better blood and bones than predigested food and special diets and care.

Dr. Holmes spoke of how ideas come to one, as if a bullet had struck one, shot out of the nowhere. The highest form of intellectual product, the kind that smacks of genius, the sort of writing and painting or music that haunts men, emerges similarly out of the infinite and finds the producer. It is the "divine afflatus"; an ounce of it is worth a ton of study.

In character, likewise, those souls are the noblest who are not "trying" to be noble; and the purest are not they who struggle against impurity. The finest moral texture is woven by those souls who like the lilies of the field "toil not, neither do they spin." They have that which is better than effort; they are adjusted.

The morality caused by love is alone worth while

THE one thing that is profoundly linked with morality is Love. By morality I do not mean our respectabilities, our little conventions of conduct, which are not the same "beyond the Pyrenees." It is not morality that prevents a Hindu from eating meat, an Egyptian from killing a beetle, a Nazarite from cutting his hair, a Puritan from singing a love-ditty, a Mohammedan from putting a picture in his church, a Methodist from playing whist, or an ecclesiastic from marrying a wife. These things may be all useful enough, perhaps, but they are matters of discipline not morals.

By morality I mean that control over one's own acts and passions, which is undertaken in the interests of the higher part of human nature, that self-direction which is intended to make us more humane, more loyal, and more reverent, toward ourselves and toward others.

That which is the electric current, which normally works in us a higher kind of life, is Love, and Love alone. Commandments, prohibitions, rules, and all cold compulsions, whether from oneself or from another, are quite apt to be disastrous. Morality is precisely "What the law could not do." Jesus, with his supreme skill with hearts, beat the whole body of ancient laws into one sword of steel, two-edged with Love. "Love God. Love Men. That is all."

The morality caused by love is alone worth while

"Anaxagoras rightly remarked that Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never."

The art of getting along with folks

THERE is a woman I know who is an expert in one of the most important arts within the range of human accomplishment—the Art of Getting Along With Folks. It is well to be wise and pretty, it is well to be free and strong, it is well to live your own life, it is well to strive and to conquer, but the small but blessed group of them that can just Get Along with everybody deserves some praise.

We abuse them, we call them blarneyers, shifty and gifted in side-stepping. From the downright heights of our opinions and principles and ideals we pooh-pooh them. But they are none the less the most comfortable people in the world to live with.

When we are irritable, they know the trick of stroking our fur the right way. When we are glum they know the sweet secret of silence. When we state a pugnacious opinion and bristle up to prove it, and are spoiling for a fight, they find some remarkable originality in our crazy notion, that flatters us into calm. They don't do as we advise them, but they are most deft in explanations why they could not. They have a keen nose for avoiding sore subjects of conversation. They know when to laugh and when to look sympathetic. Many a family blaze has been prevented by their acute sense of social

smoke. They can see trouble coming a mile away, and guide us all down a by-lane. They are human lubricants. They are the gifted ones who can manage human bees and never get stung. They may lie—a little—but still, "blessed are the Peace Makers." *The art of getting along with folks*

THE reason we cannot get along with our children is because they know us too well. It is more than ordinary human nature can bear, to be lived with every day. One has to be very great and wise and noble to spend ten hours a day with any human being, and still love him. The baffling complexity of the soul is too much for most of us; it confuses us, irritates us. *Our children know us too well*

Of course, sickly and anæmic children are not much bother; they are quite simple. But vigorous, growing, intense children come upon us like perpetually new problems to be solved, new enigmas to be guessed, new knots to untangle. And we are not great enough for it.

I know of no more striking proof of the superiority of woman over man, in real resources of character, than the fact that she manages tolerably well with a house full of little ones, and usually retains their affection. They would drive almost any man mad. The cutting edge of the difficulty is that children make such extreme demands upon our moral nature. It would not be so hard if we could appear on the

Our children know us too well

scene, tell them to be good, and go away; but the trouble is when one has to stay with them; then there is nothing for it but to Be Good ourselves, which, you will admit, is not easy. And then, how they call upon our powers of self-control, how they demand of us almost superhuman strength of will, how they pull the nerve of patience! And how also do they reveal to us our ignorance! A child does not want to know anything; he wants to know everything.

I do not wonder that small, selfish, pleasure-loving souls, who shrink from the struggle involved in nobleness, and buy ease at any price, I do not wonder that such people want no children.

An anthology on life

WHAT is Life? When you get off at the proper point where you can grasp it as a whole, what is it? Let us rummage in the library for an answer. At random taken, here are some views of philosophers and poets: Firdusi, "Illusion, cheat and fraud." Sophocles, "The best of all is, not to be born." Lycurgus, "Life is not to breathe, but to act." Seneca, "Life is long to those who know how to use it." Plautus, "To live well, live to-day." Publius Syrus, "Luck rules life, not wisdom." Marc. Aurelius, "Life is a tissue of opinions." Cicero, "Life is brief, glory eternal." Virgil, "A brief and irreparable time." Aleardi, "A fallen tear, which the earth drinks up." Rossetti,

An anthology on life

"A point with a memory and a hope." Tarchetti, "Many do not enjoy life because they have never found its point of equilibrium." Pope Clement XIV, "Man's life is like a day: his birth as the dawn, his infancy the morning, his virility the noon, his death the night." Dante, "Living is a race to death." Guerrazzi, "Like water, life sweetens rising to heaven." Balzac, "Life is what one's sentiments make it." Lamartine, "Life is a song and each soul a voice." Rousseau, "Life is to make use of all our organs, senses, faculties, and every part of ourselves which can give to us the sensation of existence." La Bruyère, "Most men spend one part of their life making the other part miserable." Calderon, "Life is fiction." Pope, "All life's a sea." Ary Scheffer, "To fight, and ever to recommence the fight, is life." Erasmus, "Life's a comedy." Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage." Byron, "Life's an interjection, an Oh, an Ah, or a Bah!" Perhaps best all is this from Thomas Overbury, "I like the reply of that philosopher who, when some one asked him what he thought of human life, said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders and walked away."

Italians

THAT race of people, which is in a fair way to being thoroughly misunderstood in the United States, that which by unfortunate circumstances is being the most unfairly misjudged, is the Italian.

Italians

From one small locality, around Naples and in Sicily, where there exists a band of cut-throats generally known as the Camorra, a great deal of immigration has poured into America. From these, we estimate the whole of Italy. They are about as typical of Italy as the Ku-Klux-Klan, or the rowdies of a Western mining camp, would be of the United States.

In reality, the Italians are perhaps the pleasantest people to live amongst on the face of the earth. They are kind. They adore little children, and as a rule have large families. They are polite. The commonest among them are courteous and obliging. They are uniformly agreeable and hospitable to strangers. The average American public employée is grumpy. An Italian is patient and smiling. They are just and honest in their dealings. They are good-natured and happy. The one word that perhaps best describes them is their own untranslatable word—*simpatica*; which means they are not egotistic and wrapped up in self, but take an interest in you. They are warm lovers, liberal thinkers, and intense admirers of art and music.

This explains why so many persons of superior taste and culture, from every nation under the sun, have come to make their last home in Italy; and why this land and people were so beloved by Keats, Shelley, Landor, Watts, Goethe, Wagner, Ruskin, and the like. To me, one phrase expresses

them ; the Italians are the most childlike of all peoples. *Italians*

WHY does a man feel such despair when his System of Belief has been bowled over ? He has perhaps been a Positivist, but has come to doubt his creed and has taken up Spinoza. Perhaps he has been successively an Episcopalian, a Unitarian, and an Agnostic. Possibly he wonders which System is the true one. He may be inclined to rail at fate, and spoil white paper with his remarks on the bitterness of a life in which one cannot tell which System is Right. *Suppose there is no system?*

Just one suggestion : Suppose there isn't any system at all ? Are there not still cakes and ale ? Why does a man think it is absolutely necessary for him to have some theory of the Universe ? Omar says :

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out at that same door wherein I went.

" My head is buzzing," writes Flaubert. " Why, O mother, are there so many letters to spell out ? Sometimes the wind blows out my candle, and I am left alone, weeping in the dark. I am afraid. For I see things like vague shadows pass upon the wall ; they frighten me."

Suppose there is no system?

It is these "vague shadows" of the Unknown that disquiet the soul of man. Religion is the candle which sometimes the wind blows out.

Minority Report people

DOUBTLESS each of us knows some one, in his circle of acquaintances, who is intellectually contrary. Such a one delights to take on every occasion the Opposite Side. If he is in a religious community, he will take his stand firmly for Atheism; if he is among scoffers, he will argue just as valiantly for the Church. He is like the proverbial Irishman who on landing at New York, asked, "Have yez a Gover'ment here?" "Yes." "Then I'm ferninst it." He is a standing Minority Report. He is a crooked stick that will not lie in the wood-pile. Like Goethe's Devil, he is the spirit who constantly denies—*stëts verneint.*

This class of persons is a steady, normal crop in the field of humanity. We would not get along without them. They keep the kettle of things stirred, which otherwise would settle and spoil. These are they that keep the course of social life pure as a running stream, and prevent it from becoming a green, stagnant pool.

They supply ginger for political campaigns. They are the party out of power. They are the watch-dogs of progress. Without them religion would harden into a cruel tyranny of superstition; falsehoods would be crystallized in power; and Ancient

Fraud live for ever. They harass mankind into being honest. *Minority Report people*

Perhaps the greatest exponent of this kind of combined mule and dog element in human nature, the man who with genius and power set himself directly against all that the world had learned of religion, of government, and of art, leader of all idol-smashers, who defended tyranny, immorality, and selfishness with all the resources of philosophy, he who was the bitterest tonic in all literatures, greatest of Anti-Christians, was Fredrick Nietzsche.

HENRY FIELDING, I think it was, who first turned the phrase, "Republic of Letters." *The Republic of Letters*

And I would have you consider, for a thought or two, that invisible, unorganized, group of men and women, who are, after all, your real rulers; they who write what you read. They are elected by the surest of ballots, by the will and taste of readers; no amount of bribery, jockeying or bossism can put a man permanently in this senate. The People pick him. And it is a matter of beautiful, sublime indifference, what the man is. In the Republic of Letters but one question is asked: "Can he do the business?" It is the fairest of known bodies. A writer may be fat and genial, lean and misanthropic, rich or poor, man or woman or child, twenty or eighty, white or black or yellow, a saint or a moral pervert, a clean and healthy, or a filthy and diseased

The Republic of Letters

person, he comes to his seat just the same if he can do the work. No prejudice or Puritanism can reach him. The scribes and Pharisees that dominate society are powerless to touch him. He is beyond the patronage of wealth. He may creep about your city, lodging in attics and eating free lunches; and the world will bow before his name, when the name of the diamond-breast-pinned merchant is known only in the cemetery. More than all priests and preachers, schools, colleges, states and endowments, he is ministering, for good or evil, to mankind. "Literary men," said Carlyle, "are a perpetual priesthood."

Basking as a fine art

BASKING is not to be sneezed at. Of course, anything is wrong if carried to excess; so much so that it is doubtful if there is any real wrong but excess. Also, there's a time and place for everything. So that (to disarm beforehand hostile criticism) no one should bask too much; and, 2, no one should bask while drawing a salary for moving fast.

But, with all due per cent. off for the other side, which is due to every truth, I still maintain that Basking is a worthy accomplishment, and nowise sternutatory. How few people, especially Americans, can just sit! I watched a man one sunny day in Avignon, in the south of France, for an hour, while I had my breakfast; he sat on a bench in the

street under a tree ; and during that whole time, the only motion he made was to " change legs." Can you do that ?

Basking as a fine art

It is quite a feat just to Bask, and do nothing ; it is still more a feat just to Bask, and think of nothing ; that is the second degree. It is better than sleep, because you are conscious of your enjoyment. There are some business men of my acquaintance whose lives would be prolonged if they could get the knack of this. I also know some mothers that need it. Basking may be defined as just plain, unadorned, unmixed living. It only comes with practice. All philosophers are good Baskers. You never learn much real truth about life till you learn to sit and soak it in. Wordsworth was president of the Baskers of all time : listen to him :

Think you 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking ?
No less, I deem that there are powers,
Which of themselves our minds impress,
And we can feel this mind of ours,
In a wise passiveness.

Reading the playground of humanity

NOT the least thing to be said in praise of books is that they supply variety to a civilization that is growing more and more monotonous.

Reading the playground of humanity

We lack the opportunities for adventure they had when the world was younger. There are no more strange islands to discover. The whole ocean is a beaten track, thanks to steam, and the fruit companies. Africa and the two Poles are about all the wild spots left, and one is full of fever and the other two of scurvy,

> *Where your flesh dints in like putty,*
> *And you spit out your teeth like stones.*

And work is becoming more and more treadmillish. A man no more makes a shoe, he sharpens pegs week after week. A woman worker does not create a shirt, she does nothing but sew button-holes. The family doctor, the general practitioner, is disappearing; the graduate of the medical school nowadays expects to confine his entire attention to diseases of the left ear-lobe. Every way of making a living is becoming specialized, narrowed, confined. Here is where books come in to save us. We may have to add figures all day to earn rent money, but at night we can go with Stevenson to Treasure Island, and listen to that most delightful of all villains, old John Silver, sing his "Yo heave ho, and a bottle of rum." In newspapers we skim the world. In magazines we discuss the world. In books the great men and interesting men of all the past come to talk to us. The prime value of literature is that it is the great Vent of the race. The true Aeroplane

is the Book, whereby we sail up and see the past and future. Reading has become the playground of humanity.

Reading the playground of humanity

IT is a question whether our day of religious toleration is something for the religious man to congratulate himself upon. When people quit arguing about a thing they have quitted being interested in it, as a rule. In the cheerful old times when men stood bravely up in rows, and hacked at each other with swords over such an issue as the Real Presence in the Eucharist, when Homoousians and Homoiousians threw stones and curses at each other in the fury of their respective convictions that Christ was Identical or Similar in substance with the Father, when heretics took up pikes, and the orthodox invoked the secular arm, when Puritans shot, and inconoclasts smashed, and Holy Church showed its teeth, men at least believed in things.

The dark sia of toleration

The rare old days of religious discussions are gone. Time was when all the neighbours for miles around crowded the country schoolhouse night after night to hear the debate between the Baptists and the Methodists, and while the elders wrangled in the house, the boys fought behind the house. Then the corner grocery was lit till midnight while Ephraim Tutt and Silas Means clenched and wrestled over the question, whether Jesus went merely to the water, or down into the water.

The dark side of toleration

From this combative aggressiveness of opinion sprang missions, when it was thought worth while to make the whole world think as we think.

Now that we are fallen upon days when religion is held to be but character, when morals are considered rather hitched to personality and principles than to creeds and metaphysical and historical statements, the world may be growing better, but the outlook is not favourable to the Church Militant. The era when men were supposed to Fight and Die for the faith was much more favourable to the Organization than this era, when men are supposed merely to live it and keep their mouths shut.

The touch of tragedy in success

THERE is a touch of tragedy in every success. At the gaining of every sweet desire there is a sprinkle of ashes upon the lip. Tears are not far from laughter. Death is behind all life.

When Solomon had achieved wisdom and riches more than any man he wrote, "Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!" "All crowns," said Sir John Lubbock, "are more or less crowns of thorns."

Even sanctity is lonely. What so solitary a figure in the lists of time as that of Jesus? Every pure heart is, in a way, a monk or nun, dwelling in its cell; and in the very fullness of holiness is a little gnawing hunger for lost human companionship.

The heights of wisdom and philosophy are not warm. The victory of the moral hero is greatness,

not comfort. Sometimes this takes a cynic tinge. Phocion, when he was applauded by the people, turned to one of his friends and said, "I must, without knowing it, have said some foolish thing." When a young man, sitting next Dr. Samuel Johnson at table, laughed immoderately at everything the learned doctor said, the latter finally turned to him and said, "Young man, I trust I have said nothing you could comprehend." *The touch of tragedy in success*

EVERY one is privileged to speculate about conditions in the next life, in heaven. Since none of us knows anything about it, none can dispute us. Permit me, therefore, to offer a small hint about Transportation in that existence. *Transportation in heaven*

Everybody knows that thought is not necessarily connected with size. We do not know what thought and consciousness are, but we can conceive of them existing in a mouse, fly, or atom, as well as in a man, elephant, or giant. Our heavenly bodies, then, may be very small.

And, consequently, they may be able to move much more rapidly than our present bodies. A flea, for instance, is scarcely a millimetre high, yet he can jump a metre ; that is, a thousand times the length of his body. If a man had proportionate strength, he could leap a mile, and could easily beat the limited train from Chicago to New York. The comet of 1843, the record-breaker of celestial

Transportation in heaven

sprinters, travelled 550 kilometres a second; it could have made the circuit of our globe in a little over a minute. Is there any reason why my soul's next body shouldn't be as swift as a comet, or at least as a flea?

Chemical and physical things go with still fleeter foot. An atom of hydrogen can run 1448 metres a second. And, when it comes to light, that can easily do its 300,000 kilometres a second. Our friend electricity goes still faster, making 400,000 kilometres a second.

Can you tell me why a soul need be any larger than a particle of light or electricity, supposing, of course, that there are any such things? As an electric body, I could easily "flit from star to star" and live in a galaxy, as I now live in "these United States."

It takes two to utter a truth

IT not only takes two to make a quarrel, and two to make an agreement, but it takes two to make a truth. What a thing means is not what you understand, nor I, but the average and net result of what we both understand.

The result produced in any mind, by the hearing of any truth, depends entirely upon the kind of stuff already contained in said mind. If I tell you a blue thing, and your mind is full of yellow, the idea that you will get will not be blue, but green. If you tell me a thing that is like pure water, and if

my mind is greasy, what you tell me will not stay with me at all, but will run off. *It takes two to utter a truth*

I think this is what Jesus meant when he said: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and by the fact that after a while he ceased trying to teach the Pharisees anything at all.

The least part of proving a thing to men, is presenting them with the evidence; the greater part of convincing them is preparing their minds to receive, understand and properly value the evidence. No one can understand anything unless he is first prepared in his heart.

Have you never realized how hopeless it is, for instance, to tell a boy some things? Have you never sprung your very best joke, and had it received with crushing silence? Have you never tried to make your wife see certain matters in the right light, only finally to give it up in despair?

So certain books are absolutely closed to you. For example, you may never have been able to appreciate a single page of Browning or of Milton. They don't "find" you.

The mind has its chemical affinities. As we move through the world of circumambient ideas, some are attracted to us, enter, and form compounds; others will not mix at all. What we call our opinions or beliefs consist in certain ideas, which, attracted to us by some spiritual chemistry, have been saturated with our personality.

Out of mud springs the lotus

ALWAYS the wolves are after us. Sickness, failure, treachery, bereavement, slander and death, the leader of the pack, follow through the Siberian journey from the cradle to the grave.

But they cannot get us. We each of us have a flying machine, in which we can soar away if they come too close. In all great souls you will note this power of escape from those calamities that overtake and crush lesser spirits. They captured Nathan Hale and hanged him, but his spirit eluded them; they could not make him unhappy; at the last moment he took refuge in a great emotion, patriotism, and was happier than any British officer around him, as he exclaimed, "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

Out of mud, say the Orientals, springs the lotus-flower; out of clay come gold and diamonds; out of oysters, pearls; brightest silks are spun from a worm; bezoar comes from the bull, and musk from the deer; from a dry stick is born flame; and from the jungle comes honey.

And the sweetest, rarest, most precious drop of beauty comes from the soul only when it is crushed, ground, bruised, broken, and burnt. This is the sublime secret of the great. In the heart of sorrow is worship; in the consciousness of ignorance is wonder; in our limitations we find God; at the centre of utter defeat is the shrine of true victory.

Over the head of the crucified One appears the halo,

the spiritual lily blooming above the death mould of the body. *Out of mud springs the lotus*

ONE of the subtlest and commonest forms of spiritual adultery is where a man forsakes the love of human beings for the love of an Abstract Idea. Some one discovers that a certain Truth is saving ; and straightway he gives himself up to the Truth and forgets the People it was intended to save. So did the Pharisees, adoring the Sabbath and heckling poor Men, for whose sake alone any Sabbath was created. So did the Mediæval fanatics, burning and cursing the souls and bodies of heretics, in devotion to the Orthodox Truths the very purpose of which was to save said wretches. So did the Puritans, who were so given up to Great Principles that they repressed and darkened the lives of themselves and others, although the Intent of the principles was to brighten the lives. *Spiritual adultery*

And the business is not over yet. There are mothers who hang on to certain Theories with a bull-pup grip, and find at last that they have lost their children, whom the theories were supposed to safeguard. There are husbands and wives who bind, tie and slaughter, Cupid on the altar of Athene. There are many well-meaning people who lose all the juice and sweetness out of their lives, trying to preserve it by adherence to some Firm Conviction.

Convictions, Rules, Truths, Principles, Resolutions,

Spiritual adultery

Ideals, all such ghost-timber is good in its place, but is to be used with care. For the greatest thing in the world is LOVE. Whenever your love of Truths gets in the way of your liking Folks, you may well beware.

No one ever had Loftier, Firmer Notions than Jesus; yet please note that He liked people, even bad people. He often shattered a rule to help a man. All the Doctrines of Theology, and all the Laws in the Statutes are not worth one warm Human Heart.

The autobiographicality of critics

UNTIL you publish a book yourself you will never realize how critics talk of themselves. A beggarly author bursts into print, and his publisher sends a lot of copies of the book to the periodicals, in the fond hope that the volume itself will be discussed, either praised or blamed, it matters little which, for advertising purposes, and lo and behold! when the press clippings come you discover that you have accumulated a number of interesting autobiographical notes.

The most amusing critics are those who assume at once that they know all about your book because they know the church you used to belong to, or the Party you used to vote with. Without bothering to open your work they proceed to belabour you for the sins of your supposed class.

One socialist paper, assuming that I was orthodox,

The autobiographicality of critics

ran on at length concerning the sins of conventional moralists. One religious paper, assuming that I was a deadly liberal, whacked me vigorously for the sins of the freethinkers. As a matter of fact I am not orthodox, I am not heretic, I am unclassified; a statement, by the way, utterly beyond the comprehension of the ordinary book reviewer.

Reviewers insist upon classification. If you will not choose to belong anywhere they will put you somewhere, *vi et armis*. Your individuality is the one thing you shall have no right to. The reviewer stows you in some pigeon-hole, and goes on to tell what he thinks of Things in General.

But I don't belong in any pigeon-hole. I belong, thank God! in the Waste Basket, the one refuge from the demon of classification.

Anatole France describes the critic as saying, "Gentlemen, I shall proceed to talk about myself, àpropos of Shakespeare, or Racine, or Goethe."

Why did the Lord make so many folks?

WHY did the Lord make so many folks? Did you ever walk the streets of a great city and notice the swarms and droves and flocks and herds and mobs and crush and jam and conglomeration, coagmentation and conglomeration of people, and wonder where they are all coming from and going to, and why they all were made in the first place? Have you seen them, like flies, at a circus;

Why did the Lord make so many folks?

or at a county fair, weaving and wriggling like ants? What a bother it must be to keep track of all of them! If the case of each one is to be gone over separately the Day of Judgment will last several thousand years.

People are all alike; and they are all different. Every one of them has a Free Will, and yet on an average they do about the same things daily.

When you look at them in the lump, they seem common, cheap, coarse, and like cattle. But you are mistaken. Kings thought that and lost their job. For when you get close to any one of them you find he is a little piece of God.

I like Folks. I like to be where they run thick. I like city streets. I like to merge into the crowd at the kerb watching a soap-peddler. I like to sit in a crowded restaurant or summer garden, and listen to the murmur and splash of talk. I like to ride in a crowded street car. I like to eat at a table full of children and women and men. I like to go to church and feel a great congregation. I spend a great deal of time alone, but in my heart the vast multitude is always with me.

There are two verses in the New Testament with a peculiar appeal to me. One is where it is said that Jesus, seeing the multitude, "had compassion on them," so He must have liked the lump sum. The other is John's description of heaven: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and

as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings." What a place!

Why did the Lord make so many folks?

UPON men who can fix clocks I look with awe. There is a little globular desk-clock before me that I have been three weeks trying to regulate. It still goes either too fast or too slow. I have a feeling that to get it to go just right will be like squaring the circle, or dividing resulting quotients by two till one gets nothing, or some other such *ignis fatuus*.

So many things I cannot do

Come to think of it, there are so many things I cannot do. I cannot lay brick, nor chop a tree, nor knit, nor tie a bundle, nor put on a horse-shoe, nor milk a cow, nor get votes enough to be elected to any conceivable office, nor play the violin, nor catch fish, nor sing, nor do a hundred other things that hundreds of men can do.

If there be one or two little tricks that I have learned, with much pains, why should I throw out my chest? For after all, I walk about among my superiors in all kinds of craftsmanship. If my fellow-beings did not work for me and mend for me, sow and reap, grind and spin and tinker for me, I should certainly starve and freeze to death.

What wonderful old, ever-young, many-handed wizard is Humanity! And myriad-minded—how much it knows! And deep, rich-hearted—how vast and unplumbed its reservoir of feeling! An individual may be a poor, little, naked, helpless thing:

So many things I cannot do

but Humanity, the complex sum total of all of us, is majestical enough for its Creator to be proud of.

It takes so little to make people happy

IT takes so little to make people happy. Just a touch if we knew how to give it; just a word fitly spoken; just a trick, a knack, a slight readjustment of some bolt or pin or bearing in the delicate machinery of the soul.

There is no one gift I covet more than this skill to reset creaking souls. One little drop of oil will silence the screeching hinge.

We all mean well enough, most of the time. The difficulty is that we are inept. We are butter-fingered. We are all thumbs. Most of the rubs and clashes of life might be avoided with a little shrewdness. But we are so monstrously unskilled in love. What a joy it would be to be an artist, a virtuoso, in the game of human hearts!

Let us study and practise this matter until we shall learn love's preventive moves. For it takes so little to make a woman happy. Writes Stopford Brooke:

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

Disarmament practicable now

THE usual answer to the anti-military-preparedness argument is a sneer. When you speak of universal peace you are greeted with cries of "Fudge!" and "Utopian!" also "Visionary and impractical!"

Now that is downright funny, for, as a matter of fact, world-wide disarmament is the most practical common-sense proposal imaginable.

It is simply doing in the highways and seas of the world exactly what you are doing in the streets of your city. In the city any two men are at perfect liberty to quarrel all they please; only you will not let them dispute with fists or pistols on the sidewalk, to the peril of passers-by; your police drag the combatants into court, where they may contend without damage to the general public.

That is all that the peace advocates want among nations. Let them snarl and wrangle; it is an inalienable right; but make them settle their differences by law, by justice, and in a proper tribunal, and not by butchery.

Police are not to prevent contention; they are to force the contestants to fight according to civilized rules. So disarmament aims not to prevent nations from asserting their rights, but it aims to compel them to do this in a civilized way.

It is war and military-preparedness that is stuff and nonsense. For brute force never settled any question right. War is mediæval. It is senseless.

Disarmament practicable now

It ranks with duelling, trial by fire, and shaking dice.

Peace, with compulsory arbitration, is not millennial, does not belong to the dim future; it is utterly present, timely, practical, right now.

It is war that is the anachronism. It belongs to the tenth century. Arbitration belongs to this present time.

The advantage in life's precariousness

PEOPLE are inclined to complain a good deal over the precariousness of life. We hate to live from hand to mouth. Yet it is precisely from this element of our earthly career that our noblest qualities come.

Endow a man so that he never has to worry about money, remove him from all temptation, insure him against ever falling ill, and his soul will shrivel up like a bean.

The strong, free, sweet souls are those who every day are stepping out into the dark.

All that manly charm which plays like a halo around the soldier, the cowboy, and the explorer of wilds, is due to the fact that men in such enterprises are brothers of death and companions of alarms.

The more settled and wealthier portions of civilization are full of small, dried-up, spidery souls who have retired on a settled income. They are fatal to life of any kind, and particularly to young life; hence most of the youth emigrate.

The advantage in life's precariousness

They go West. The West is greater than the East because the East is settled, and the West is unsettled. In the East are old religions, old customs, old families, old laws and old institutions—all full of rats and fever. In the West is fresh air.

One reason a king cannot be a great soul is because he cannot lose his job. Another reason is that "the king can do no wrong." Take away a man's right to sin and you assassinate his moral character.

It is even better, morally, to be a gambler than to be endowed.

"It is not," says Carl Hilty, "for the needs of luxury that God is to be had, but for daily bread."

Ridicule, the antidote to pride-poison

EVERY fraud poison has its antidote. The antidote for pride is ridicule. The universe is a huge machine, nicely geared and adjusted throughout. Every piece must stay in its place, perform its work, and co-operate with every other piece.

This means not only every leaf, grain of sand, star, insect and atom, but also every soul of man, and every portion of that soul.

There are three "sins" of which any soul is capable, as far as Nature is concerned. They are, getting out of place, failing to work, and interfering with some other soul's function.

Ridicule, the antidote to pride-poison

Of these the first and greatest sin is getting out of one's proper place.

When a soul is in the place Nature intended for it, then we say it has Humility.

When it is wrongly placed, veering to one side, it has pride; to the other side, self-pity. Self-pity and pride are simply soul displacements—one to the east, and the other to the west. Humility means that the soul is properly adjusted.

The penalty for pride is ridicule. No one is ever ridiculous who does not try to be esteemed better than he really is. A genuinely humble man is never absurd.

Humility, in other words, is no more nor less than Honesty. Pride is essentially lying and hypocrisy. Self-pity is self-poison.

"One is never so ridiculous for the qualities he has," says La Rochefoucauld, "as for those he pretends to have."

"Ridicule," observes Dussault, "is the one thing that is feared by those who fear nothing else in the world—who have no more shame nor remorse."

Sterne's four duties of man

THE four duties of man, according to Sterne, are to build a house, to plant a tree, to write a book, and to have a son.

Being a son of God, according to Scripture, a man is never so happy as when he is at some Godlike business.

Sterne's four duties of man

God's peculiar business is that of Making. He not only made things of nothing, but He is continually at the making of one thing out of another.

If we inquire into God's present activities, as far as our poor brains can guess, we perceive Him to be, first, a farmer or gardener. Hence I reckon farming to be not only the noblest of occupations, but also I think there is no diviner satisfaction than tending a plant and seeing it grow.

Then He is a Carpenter, though he makes worlds and not cottages, and makes round and not square things. He is pre-eminently a Housemaker, and the humblest spider spins his web in imitation of Him who spins a universe for His habitation.

He is also an Author. I have seen His manuscript in the layered rock, read His poetry in men and women, and looked in awe at His pictures in the setting sun.

And, fourthly, He is a father. There is no more Godlike joy than to hold in your arms a baby of your own body, and to look into little eyes that reflect your soul.

So men and women, under the sun, go on breeding, writing (or painting and sculpturing), planting and building.

And above them is the great God, doing the same. The most mediæval notion of God is that He is an idle King, doing nothing.

It takes a great man to hold a great idea

IT takes a great man to hold a great idea. It takes a beautiful soul to hold a beautiful passion. Perhaps the thought should be stated differently; for the mind does not so much "hold" an idea, as the idea forms a sort of chemical combination with the mind that contains it, and is thus altered.

A twentieth-century American's notion of Liberty, for instance, is different from that which is in the mind of a Russian nihilist.

William James gave an excellent illustration of this point when he said that a new idea spreads among the ideas already in one's head very much as a grease spot.

What you think of your wife is tinged by what you think of every one else and of yourself.

Ideas are not hard bricks to be packed in brain-barrows; they are drops of water that are coloured and flavoured by the brain-vessel that contains them; they are chameleons that change in hue to correspond with the particular mind-tree upon which they crawl.

This would explain many riddles to us, if we would believe it. It would make clear why there are so many different opinions about Wagner music and Roosevelt policies. It would throw light on the questions of conservatism and radicalism, religion and infidelity.

Even our conception of God is composed in great part of our own character. Nobody but a great

It takes a great man to hold a great idea

and great men can grasp the idea of a great and good God. It is the measure of many people that they are small and ordinary and narrow, simply because they themselves are so, or because their minds have always been stuffed with that kind of nonsense. Says Goethe:

Wie einer ist so ist sein Gott
Darum ward Gott so oft zu Spott.
(As a man is, so is his God; this word
Explains why God is oft abroad.)

The interpreter

HISTORY and the lives of great men are of use to us only as we interpret them into terms of our everyday existence. I do not want to know who Joan of Arc was, but what she is to me; nor Julius Cæsar's place in history, but his place to me; nor what Charlemagne did to his contemporaries, but what he did to me; nor the value of Dumas to literature, but his value to me.

I am on the trail of ideas, and all men are my food. It does not do good for you to show me upon the table Milton, Dante or Leonardo da Vinci, unless you will be my eat of them. In all the moments of science and of progress, of the wireless telegraphy and the by-products of petroleum, of aeroplanes and cinematographs and radium and X-ray shows and

The interpreter

millionaires at home, I say as the poet said of woman :

What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me?

In other words and in plain English, what the soul of man wants is not facts, but the interpretation of facts. Facts are the raw flesh and uncooked grains of the mind ; we need the men who bake them and flavour them and make them edible.

The greatest of servants of the race is the Middle Man. The supreme test of a historian is not his accuracy, but his inspirational quality. A reviewer's paragraph that will send a book like a barbed dart into my thought, is worth as much as the book. An editorial that will rub the news into me is better than the news. The priest who will make me realize the spiritual realities is himself one of the strongest realities.

We need the Word ; but most of all we need "the Word made Flesh."

When in a company that cannot possibly understand you

THERE is a peculiar state of mind which one experiences when he finds himself in a company that cannot possibly understand him. He is made aware that it is perfectly useless for him to try to state his views. The people about him would need years of doubt, struggle, and reflection, before they could be prepared to appreciate his thought.

When in a company that cannot possibly understand you

He is like one in a foreign country, where every one is ignorant of his language. There is nothing for him to do but to retreat into silence.

Every thinker has felt this sense of utter helplessness and hopelessness. When he is cast among religious bigots, or irreligious bigots, when he is confronted with the cocksureness of youth and blind enthusiasm, when he is surrounded by minds that are soaked through and through with the atmosphere of some Institution, when he is among the members of some sect or cult or school who are impervious to any idea that does not make for the success of their particular gospel, when he is where those about him are shackled in stubborn superstition or walled in by an unsympathetic, unelastic rationalism, when he is anywhere that there is no openness, no wonder, no teachableness, and no nerve that feels for pure, unattached truth, he feels like a Robinson Crusoe.

Often then he is tempted to say, with Amiel, "I cannot be in the right, all alone," and to try to lower himself to companionship. How much of the apparent unity among men is at the price of this basest of treacheries—the betrayal and abandonment of the soul's own vision.

Do not be afraid of being solitary: it is then you are most honest. Be loyal to yourself, and the real Friend will come.

Why I rise early of mornings

SO many men, so many minds. There are plenty of people who do not enjoy early rising, and look with scorn on people who get up at day-break, and with spite and anger if this virtuous performance is accompanied by making a noise that wakes up other folks who want to sleep. There are those who can drowse till noon. There are even persons who eat and drink in bed, and then go back to sleep. Good luck to them all, and more power to their arms!

But no such thing for me. I want to be up before the sun. This I do not boast as a moral excellence, but simply state as a peculiar taste.

I like to feel of that morning air. There is sweet intoxication in it no other hour has. The first lung-ful of that fresh, flower-soaked, skyey atmosphere that is offered in the brimming cup of dawn, so full of young awakenings, and baby hopes, is an exquisite thing, too precious to call plain breathing, and rather to be taken as a sort of solemn sacrament. I sip it, as the young priest sips the cup at the altar, and praise my Maker.

It is the fabled fountain of youth. For an hour every day I am a boy again. As there is nobody that belongs to the best society on the streets at that time, I shake my leg a little, punch the lamp-posts with my cane, playing they are giants or paynims, shout hello to the boy in the milk wagon, laugh at the puppy who comes out to bark at me, and

finding it is only an old boy, runs along by me and wags his tail. I even sing, easy, of course, so as not to offend better and more respectable folk. I would add a line to St. Francis' Canticle of the Sun, and say: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord, for our sweetheart, the Morning, and for our joy of her!" And—think of it!—I am fifty!

Why I rise early of mornings

I HAVE just had a talk with a Great Man. I do not mean to banter. I am in earnest. He is really a Great Man, the greatest of his profession in the world.

I meet a great man

I was duly impressed. The shape of his head, the tone of his voice, the manner of his expression, the substance of his speech, all were those of the kingman, the man who has won.

That was last night. It is now morning. All through my waking and sleeping since I saw him, he has been pursuing me. Glimpses, little fragments of vision of him, his words, his tricks of gesture, his art of glancing, his nod, the folding of his hands; these, like scattered ghosts, have been appearing and vanishing in the back of my mind for twelve hours.

He has come upon me like an electric charge, like a spiritual fecundation.

My mind is in the same sort of mixed elevation and dismay that a girl feels when she comes under the spell of a man.

I meet a great man

He did not tell me much; he made me think of much. I was not informed. I was awakened. Any human soul is very wonderful, when you get close enough to sense it. The most rich, intoxicating, miraculous thing, is a human being.

And there is something distinctly more in a great man than in an ordinary man. For there is such a thing as greatness, though it is rarely found in great office, and there's a deal of humbug and counterfeit greatness.

And there is also something in success; some dynamic that thunders over you, when you meet it, and cows you.

But I am wondering how much of all this is in the man, and how much of it was lent him by my imagination.

Love can do no wrong

THE King can do no wrong. And Love is a King, Love wants a King. There is no democratic foolishness about Love. It is an absolute monarchy, or nothing. It is above all rules, conventions, civil contracts; above reason, and not amenable to it at all.

If you love me, you must believe in your heart I am absolutely perfect; that even my faults are somehow subtle shades of excellency; that my mistakes are simply things the world, not loving, cannot understand; that all my physical, mental, and moral, infirmities are only due to the fact that I am viewed

from the wrong standpoint, and that Love sees them as nothing but tricks of divinity, royal characteristics. Your boasted common sense, your critical justice, your clear sight, and all those faculties of yours that can see my limitations, are rebels and traitors in the kingdom of Love. *Love can do no wrong*

In three places we see Love in its utter purity ; and in each we see this trait that we call its blindness. First, in the love of a mother for her child : she kisses his crippled feet, his babble is music to her : second, in the first love of a man and a maid ; then her red hair is a halo, and his silly affectations are charming ; third, in the love of God for the soul : for through its sin and perversion His love pierces, a life-giving ray, the one redemptive force.

Love is really not blind ; it is the one function by which we know, by which we penetrate through the seeming into the reality ; for my soul is inherently beautiful, and it takes Love to see it.

Love is truly symbolized by the juice which Puck squeezed upon the eyes of the fairy, so that she adored the weaver with the ass's head. We are all repulsive, asinine, disgusting to intelligence ; God save us from it ! We are all lovely to Love, which may God send !

Bad weather

LET us give thanks for Bad Weather. It is when it rains all day, when the sun never sets, but the clouds merely grow paler or darker, and the roads are like pea-soup, and the roof mutters hour by hour, and the trees bend and groan and twist and shake their wet locks, and the grass is soaking, and the walks are too grimy to invite any kind of excursion ; or it is when the snow drifts before the door, and the ways and streets are blocked with it, so that all moving about of human beings becomes a penitential pilgrimage ; or when the harsh wind blows, whines in the chimney, saws and creaks in the trees, grasps the window with both his icy hands and rattles and thumps it, bangs the shutter, and, when you open the door, blows out your candle, takes away your breath, slaps your face, flaps your coat-tails, and howls in vicious glee when you finally bar him out ; it is dull days, dark days, cold days, nasty days and grey days, that challenge the Heart ; so that human creatures come closer together, and eyes grow brighter as they look into eyes again, and hands clasp more warmly, and the fire crackles the defiance of Home against an unfriendly Universe.

If there were no Bad Weather there would be no Home.

A secret of noble living

ONE secret of noble living is to respect the sacredness of all people you have to deal with. We must utterly cast out of our bosoms the thought

that any human being is common, or cheap, or bad. By entertaining such judgments our own characters become bad, cheap, and common. Let us read no books that sneer at humanity. Let us listen to, and ourselves indulge in, no talk that depreciates any human being. That sort of thing is always a symptom of a petty, insect spirit. Every creature illustrates in some way a peculiar beauty. Get the right point of view of any living thing and it is majestic. *A secret of noble living*

It is not a day-o'-judgment truth, but a practical, psychological fact, that "with what measure ye judge ye shall be judged." Our judgments judge us. If you live in a world soaked in sex, 'tis you who are slimy. If it's a naughty, wretched, crawling world, 'tis but yourself in a glass, seen darkly.

Here's a fine sentence from James Bryce, in his sketch of English society at the time of Beaconsfield: "Nowhere so much limitation of view among the fashionable, so much pharisaism among the respectable, so much vulgarity among the rich, mixed with so much real earnestness, benevolence and good sense; nowhere, therefore, so much to seem merely ridiculous to one who looked at it from without, wanting the sympathy that comes from the love of mankind."

It is precisely that "sympathy which comes from the love of mankind," that makes of this earthly

A secret of noble living

wilderness a garden, of the city a temple, of events sacraments, of life a rare unfolding, and of death a door. Says Whittier:

> *He prayeth best, who leaves unguessed*
> *The mystery of another's breast.*

A hint toward the solution of the problem of the ages

THE presence of pain and wickedness in the world is what Archbishop Whately called "the problem of the ages." I do not pretend to understand it. To fathom it would be to comprehend God.

But as no man has at any time seen God, and yet as to Moses it was once granted to see "the hinder parts" of Jehovah as He passed, so sometimes we catch a vanishing glimpse of the answer to the great problem; we see at least the shadow, we smell the fleeting fragrance of its meaning.

Let me state it in an analogy, which may express my indistinct idea better than a didactic statement. It is this: that as the essence of beauty in music is discord, so the essence of that human grandeur, of which we all dream, is the hurt and wrongness of things. The major chords in music are pleasing but tiresome; sweet, but they do not grip us. Wagner and the whole school of modern music are great in their uses of dissonance. We are somehow held up, expectant, awakened, stirred in our deeps by the unpleasing clash, the false progression, and the

unclosed cadence ; then when a full harmony follows it has a message it would not have had alone. So all our fret and wounds plough up the heart for noble emotions, and prepare us, if not for happiness, for that higher form of happiness, which we guess at when we use the term, bliss. "The highest joy," says Campbell, "is that in which pain is latent, forgotten ; but it has been there." One of the subtlest, surest proofs of heaven is that violent, unresolved discord we call death.

A hint toward the solution of the problem of the ages

NOBODY understands a thing till he has lived through it. It takes a grown man to understand a boy, and a woman to understand a girl. Real wisdom is a peculiar deposit left upon the soul by the passing of a thought or feeling. While the special impression is present, we do not comprehend it in any least wise ; it is altogether mysterious and baffling. But when it is gone we find a precipitation left, which we can take up, examine, and grasp.

To understand a thing you must live through it

For instance, young folk who are in love know nothing about Love. They are too close to it. Mariners in the grip of a storm at sea do not realize how the tempest arose, where it comes from, and whither it goes ; it is the men in the Meteorological Station at Washington, far from the war of wind and wave, who know—what little there is to be known. Even so it is the Old Man, with whom

To understand a thing you must live through it

the furies of passion are a distant memory, who sits in the calm studio of age, it is he who knows best what love means.

An old couple, who have successfully weathered the blasts of feeling, who have quarrelled and made up, who have endured love's fierce attractions and equally violent repulsions, and who have come through Together and Safe at last—it is in those two that there is the profoundest understanding of what Love is, in all its depth and breadth : for they have what is better than the strong liquor of Love itself; they have the permanent, pure, unalterable, residuum of Love, its deposit and precipitation. It is they alone who have that " Perfect Love that casteth out Fear."

The antiquity of all our ideas

THE thought that comes to you," says a French writer, " has arrived in your mind after a long voyage through space and time, longer than the last of the stars is distant from your eyes."

Every one has been startled to find upon opening some book of old ideas, St. Augustine or Plutarch, or Xenophon, some notion that he had fancied to be his own, private and as yet unuttered, leap out and laugh at him. It gives one a queer turn. Am I then but a Thought-Inn, a lodging for the night, wherein conceptions, old and indestructible as Wandering Jews, come and abide ? To think is to plagiarize !

The antiquity of all our ideas

About the only original thing in any of us is that hazy, not understandable, yet most vitally real thing we call Personality. When Shakespeare or Browning write they are but restating world-old things, but the things acquire a Shakespeare taste, a Browning flavour.

Even the words of Jesus, many of them, may be traced to this or that source; His sentiments and commandments may be picked up here and there in Eastern literature; the intensely original element in Him was His rare and wonderful Personality. His enduring miracle was Himself.

Thoughts are ancient vagrants. The New things on this worn-out globe are you and I, souls, little flames of God, sparks from the central Sun of Life.

The fanatic is the man who cannot understand a paradox

MOST fanatics, cranks, and madmen, are those who are unable to understand a paradox.

Every truth has its opposite, which is also true. Sanity consists in understanding this: insanity is failing to see it.

Workable, every-day truth is made up of two or more contradictions. The true doctrine is always a balance.

What we call Orthodoxy has outlived the Heresies, because Orthodoxy as a rule dares to retain the mystery of opposing truths, while Heresy as a rule has been too logical, and has become mad with clearness.

The fanatic is the man who cannot understand a paradox

For instance, the truth lies not in Fate, (determinism, predestination,) nor in Free Will, but in Both.

Man is not a spirit, nor a Brute; he is Both. Whoever excludes wholly the one or the other from his idea of man is not so much untrue as he is crazy.

So the religious fanatics, on the one hand, and the atheists on the other; the temperance wild men, and the drunkards; and all those who swing to extremes, are illustrations of the rule that sanity is a balance and not a hard certainty.

"Mystery," writes Chesterton, "keeps men sane. As long as you have mystery you have health; when you destroy mystery you create morbidity."

"There are a large number of truths," says Pascal, "that seem repugnant and contrary, yet which subsist together in an admirable order. The source of all religious errors is the exclusion of one or the other of these truths."

The heart and the deep woods

DARWIN, in his "Voyage," speaks of a strange peculiarity of the woods along the coast of Brazil. The noise of the insects was so loud that it might be heard even in a vessel anchored at a distance from the shore, yet within the depths of the forest absolute silence seemed to reign.

Even so in the heart of man.

Curran, so merry in conversation, was sad when

alone ; so much so that he is recorded to have said that he never went to bed without wishing not to rise again. *The heart and the deep woods*

Cervantes, who set all Europe in roars of laughter, dragged out a most wretched existence.

It is said of Dean Swift, he was never known to smile.

Lamb's most facetious letters were written in fits of melancholy.

Molière was a grave and silent man. At Pezenas they used to show a chair in a barber's shop where he would sit for hours without uttering a word.

Cowper said that "John Gilpin," his funniest poem, was written in his saddest mood.

Jean Paul wrote much of his comic story, "Nicholas Margraf," in an agony of heart-break over the death of his son Max.

Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's New York" was composed while he was suffering deeply from the death of his sweetheart, Matilda Hoffman.

A strange thing is the human heart.

VERY many of the so-called Great Persons I have met have been rather Near-Great. I have rubbed against savants and men of genius. I have talked with celebrities. I have encountered those who had the glow of success, the shine of attainment on their faces. I have conversed with the high-place-holders, and also with strong men *The crown of humility*

The crown of humility

who do things, the masterful and the dominant souls.

And with a few exceptions they all lack the one thing that is the Crown of Greatness, which is Humility.

Modesty is the trait of normal children, and also of those who have fought the good fight; it rounds out life at both extremities, it is the beginning and the end of noble character.

The mark of real sublimity in a man is that he does not seek his own. Your praise is somehow indifferent to him. He is a little above reward.

He yields to the pusher and braggart with a smile. He feels not hurt but a sense of triumph when the prize is given to the cheat.

He is always above his game. He knows how to lose. To win gives him a secret pang.

He can do work, and give away the pay. He can be good and care for no reward in heaven. He can love and be loyal even to one who is weak and unworthy.

Humility is actually the topmost grace. It is the crown of wild olive. It is the white stone of the Master.

What many a great woman needs is a low voice, to be perfect. What many a great man needs is a little more greatness to refuse the crown. The spot of pride is fatal.

The tragedy of routine

ONE of the curious, pathetic, and sometimes tragic things of this life, is doing regularly, at fixed times, what is supposed to be done only at inspired moments.

It is all well enough to cook breakfast every morning at seven, to carry the mail daily over the route, to report at the store to sell dry-goods, or at the office to do typewriting, punctually and statedly, but it is quite another matter, and has its dreadful ashy side, to write a daily poem, to fill a daily comic column, or to preach every Sunday at half-past ten in the morning.

Everybody has written a poem or two, when the sap was running strong, and life's buds aswelling; anybody can be funny once or twice a month or so; and there are times when each of us could preach, had we a pulpit and a prepared congregation. But here is the irony of life: for the clown to grimace and crack jokes and make the onlookers roar with glee, while his body is dying and his heart is breaking; for the clergyman to drag his unwilling feet to the pulpit and to preach faith and courage, in one of those hours when the soul is thick with doubt, and his spirit lax and dull and dry.

The most of the world's humour, amusement, poetry, and religion, is ministered by the uninspired. Books and periodicals teem with stuff that should be manna, but is dust. The jokers are aweary, the

The tragedy of routine

poets write against space, and the preachers preach against time. Pegasus has become a work-horse, or rather has been transformed to a steam plough.

The unconsciousness of virtue

THE more goodness we have the less we are conscious of it. The crowning grace of a perfect character is unconsciousness.

I doubt whether goodness and holiness and purity are so much as mentioned in heaven.

There is something dishonest in a man who talks about his honesty, something impure in any woman who speaks of her purity, something ugly in any beauty that knows itself beautiful.

There is an age when a child becomes disagreeable; it is when he is aware that he is cunning.

Virtue, or moral excellence of any sort, is simply soul-health. And health is essentially hidden.

The healthy people are not those who constantly think of and work for health. Reading physical culture books, and studying hygiene perpetually, mean that something is the matter.

Real healthy people, such as children, run and kick and jump, eat when they are hungry, and sleep when they are sleepy. They have no stomachs, livers, and hearts. They have fun.

It is precisely the same with spirit-health, which is goodness. One who has it never thinks of it. Those who have it do not sweat and fume and talk about it.

An old professor in the University of Virginia said of a certain man, "He is too conscious of his conscientiousness." *The unconsciousness of virtue*

IT is very restful to find the All Round Man. And the specialist is apt to bore us. *The all round man*

When the family, in Mr. Barrie's play, was shipwrecked on a desert island, it was found that only the servant, the admirable Crichton, could turn his hand to anything. So while they lived on the island he was boss. In a state of nature Jack of All Trades is always King.

As Society grows it becomes more and more conventionalized, it becomes a huge Factory, and men are forced into pigeon-holes. And the pigeonholest rules.

A man who is glued to his desk and does nothing year in and year out but keep track of the white goods sales, may grow rich; he ought to; but the man who can play the piano a little, who knows a little Greek and a little chess, who can mend the clock, and fix the stove, who is interested in art and music and machinery, will get more fun out of life.

We doubtless need the specialists. They had them in Egypt, the paraschists, who did nothing but open the sides of corpses for embalming; and in Greece, experts in surgery and the making of hair-nets; and in Rome, artists who specialized in removing scars

The all round man

from the faces of freed slaves ; and, now, from manicurists to ophthalmologists ; but somehow it is dreadful to think of a human soul slipping into a little box with a spring lock.

Losing friends by growing away from them

DEATH and absence are not the only two ways of losing friends. We Grow away from people, as well as Go away.

Often the growing away is more tragic than the going away. Adelaide Procter has a poem about the babies who died, and points out that they seem nearer to us, more eternally ours, than those that live. Few children realize that dull ache in parents' hearts, caused by the baby growing up, assuming a separate individuality, and separating by time.

Intelligent married couples should study to grow toward each other. No human thing, and marriage least of all, can be allowed to drift, and grow wild. It takes pains, thought, and self-control to grow good marriages, even as good apples.

In spite of all we can do we drop many friends in our course. We and they are in the grip of different tendencies, circumstances, social and spiritual laws. The currents of destiny bear us east and west.

So Dr. Johnson said, "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

Losing friends by growing away from them

Human relationships are mostly hail and good-bye. We should not grow sickly sentimental over this, for it is a law of growth.

If you know one or two who have grown with you, and the years have but welded you, you are fortunate.

"His former clothes," says Helps, "will no more fit a man than some of his former friendships."

Brevity in amusement

ONE of the proofs that the world does move is that amusements are growing shorter.

The ancient Romans sat at their feasts for hours, and invented devices unmentionable in polite society for prolonging the gustatory pleasure.

The European dines for two hours, impeding digestion by wine; the American dines in thirty minutes; and the latter is consequently healthier and wealthier.

The very essence of play, of any kind, is that it be brief. Extend the moment of rapture past a certain point, and it turns to pain or nausea.

Those who try to play all day, to say nothing of playing all year or all one's life, are about the unhappiest people on earth.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work makes him an idiot.

For the essence of play is dash, foam, high spirits, bounding blood, excitement. We all need it. It humanizes us. It preserves our sanity. But to be

Brevity in amusement

good for us it must be occasional, and we must learn the fine art of quitting before we are through. We can work until we are tired and be all the better for it, can sleep well and eat well. But to play until we are tired is dangerous. We can tire muscle and brain, but to keep our appetites ready, keen, and fit, we must learn to nip them off just before satiety.

This is the secret meaning of that paradox of Hesiod: "The half is greater than the whole."

"Moralists," said Ellesmere, "are always talking about short-lived pleasures; would that they were!"

Cruelty in laughter

THE surest way to hurt a man is to laugh at him. You may strike him, curse him, imprison him, banish him, hang him; against all such attacks he can rise up a hero. But if you laugh at him you set him down, you make him little, by the surest way.

The sneer is the poisoned dagger of the soul. You have never done all you can to injure anyone until you have tried to make him ridiculous.

"Ridicule," says La Bruyère, "attacks a man in his last ditch, which is his opinion of himself."

So long as one fights you or berates you with hot words he still has a little respect for you; but when he smiles in contempt at you he has put you down beneath his hatred.

There are certain old frauds, sweeping new fads,

prosperous humbugs, institutions rooted in wrong, that can be reached by no missiles but the rifle-balls of wit. Nothing else, for instance, can touch pharisaism, militarism, religious bigotry, and the pride of wealth. These frozen old knots of historic garbage are impermeable by any other heat-ray than ridicule.

Cruelty in laughter

It should be remembered that to deal in ridicule is to handle an edged and venomed weapon.

In a family a sneer is deadlier than a loaded revolver; worse, it is deadlier than the revolver that you didn't know was loaded.

You would better smite a child in the face than make him ridiculous.

An oath will not leave such a scar on a woman's memory as a certain kind of smile.

Remember the line of Catullus: "Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est (Nothing's more misplaced than a misplaced smile)."

ONE of the bugaboos of the intellectual life is Overwork.

There is no such thing as mental overwork

I have lived some time and observed quite a number of folks, and never in my life did I know of a case of breakdown that I believed to be due to overworking the brain.

One young man I remember who went to school with me. He was a brilliant student. When he went to pieces, a nervous wreck, everybody, and

There is no such thing as mental overwork

particularly his mother attributed it naturally to overstudy. I knew better. He had sat up regularly till very late smoking innumerable stogies, and had begun every day with a big cup, twice the size of an ordinary cup, of strong coffee.

If the truth were known about the precious darlings at girls' colleges who are injuring their health supposedly by great study, it would be found that the trouble lies in one kind or another of habitual violation of the laws of health.

The fact is, the human mind is like the old oaken bucket that hung in the well; when it gets full it runs over. It will hold so much only, is capable of only so much power of attention and retention. When you go beyond that limit it simply quits. Further effort is useless.

The mind is not like a bladder or balloon that you can keep filling until it bursts.

It is worry and not work that kills. Overeating and overdrinking are the real criminals hiding behind overstudy. Be healthy, temperate and cheerful, and you can work till you drop—and then sleep.

Men are best known by their public utterances

MEN are best known in their public utterances. It is not true that when they begin to speak or write they begin to act a part.

The contrary is true. It is in our private lives that we are pretending. Our acquaintances never know our real natures, our business associates have no

idea what manner of men we truly are. Even our friends rarely guess the inner truth about us. *Men are best known by their public utterances*

For no man could afford to be utterly genuine in society. He would raise no end of an uproar, his wife would threaten to leave him, and he probably would land in jail.

I have found my sincerest, truest, self comes out on the platform, in the pulpit, or in writing for publication.

When I get through my public exercise and meet a man or woman I am straightway tongue-tied again. We know Rousseau and Marcus Aurelius and Carlyle and Ruskin a hundred times more intimately through their books than we should ever have known them by conversing with them personally.

The true confessional is a book, and the true priest, into whose ear we can speak freely, is humanity.

"No man," says an English author, "is so confidential as when he is addressing the whole world."

"EVERY man to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow." This is one of those lying proverbs that show how wrong the concentrated wisdom of the world can be. For the one thing every man precisely cannot come to, is his taste. In no realm of human concerns is tyranny more rigid, magisterial, and unreasonable, than in the realm of tastes. I may not wear the clothes I like; if I did I should be put in jail before a week's *Tyranny in taste*

Tyranny in taste

end, as Addison said. I cannot eat what I like; some infernal French genius instituted that table-d'hôte programme, from *hors d'œuvre* to walnuts, and whenever I want to feed sociably with my kind, I must eat my way through its stages. In art, in literature, and in travel, I am hectored continually by the Arbiters of Taste. I must like Giotto, and must not like Carlo Dolci, and if I rebel, I am pelted with Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Symonds, Kugler and Ruskin; besides, my acquaintances look on me as hardly decent. Critics presume to tell me what authors I shall fancy, what operas should please me, and what pianoforte compositions I must love. The inquisitor and heresy-hunter is as rabid, according to his means, in the beautiful arts and letters as he ever was in religion. It is refreshing to read in Taine: "If a thing pleases me I do not claim it pleases you or anybody else. Heaven save us from legislators in matters of beauty, of pleasure and of our emotions." Yet alas! such was the superiority of Taine's intelligence that in spite of himself he became Arbiter of Taste. We must have tyrants. The highly proper mind loathes freedom.

Nothing will be right until everything is right

WE are not going to set anything right until we set everything right.

Every reform, before it is completed, implies a reform of the world.

Nothing will be right until everything is right

Nothing is practicable but the millennium.

For instance, when you undertake to correct the evils of government, you shortly discover that it is necessary to alter the methods of business; to do that means to revise your political economy; that means reorganizing your philosophy of the universe; which implies reforming religion; and finally you are brought up to the only real problem, that of changing human nature.

The cause of labour will never be settled until the whole theory of the rights of man are settled.

It is like cleaning up a room. It does little good to pick up here and there; the more you dally, the more you see that in the end you must send for the vacuum cleaners, painters, and paperhangers.

Woman's Rights is a fine war-cry. Doubtless women should be free, but Edward Carpenter says: "Not till our whole commercial system, with its barter and sale of human labour and human love for gain, is done away, not till a whole new code of ideals and customs of life has come in, will women be really free."

Conversation is not an art, it is a state of grace

SOME day when I have plenty of time, when I become famous, on account of having broken into a bank, or having been elected President, and when on that account magazine editors will offer me three dollars a word for any kind of lucubrations I may be minded to lucubrate, I am going to write

Conversation is not an art, it is a state of grace

an article, perhaps a whole book, on the Art of Conversation. And the point I shall bring out is that it is not an Art at all, but a State of Grace. You are either a natural Born conversationalist, or you have been Born Again and become one. For the good converser is simply and only the person who is Interested in the one with whom he is conversing. If you are actually and really consumed with desire to know my opinions, deeds, preferences and dicta, it is joy to talk with you. If you burn to tell me Your notions, you are a bore. There are some women who are endowed with this natural capacity for taking Interest in those they meet. At least they Look interested. They may say little, yet you feel your soul expanding, your wit flashing, your originality keyed up as if by alcohol, you become your rare self. On one occasion, after a dinner, old Dr. Johnston expressed his opinion that a certain man was the most brilliant conversationalist he had ever talked with; and Boswell vouches for it that the man never said but one word the whole evening, and that was "Richard," in answer to a question as to some man's name; but he was a most gifted and eloquent Looker.

The madness of ownership

IN the morning of Ascension Day, very early, when the sun is barely up and the dew is yet young on the grass, hundreds of poor people in Florence betake themselves to the public park, and

there catch crickets, which they put into minute cages of wire walls and wood floors, the whole scarcely larger than your fist, and these they sell during the day to any who have eight cents or so to spare to purchase the same, and hang them outside their window that night to hear them cheep-cheep. *The madness of ownership*

'Tis an excellent illustration of that form of madness common among men, the madness of Ownership. Why should I want to Own a cricket? Or, for that matter, can I not hear a bird sing, and see it hop and flutter, without an insane desire to trap it and put it behind bars and call it mine? What is that peculiar pleasure I get from hanging a picture in my house, rather than going to see it in a gallery?

All along the city street I look into shop windows, and see displayed on store fronts and sidewalks trinkets, gimcracks, jewellery, pots and pans, stuffs and ornaments, which merchants wish to induce me to Own. But why should I add them to the pile of junk already heaped up in my house, to be dusted, guarded, polished and cared for, to tempt robbers to take my life, and tax-assessors to pillage my purse, and my neighbours to envy me?

I would as soon wish to pick stars from the sky, the moon from her course, pilfer the purple veil from the mountain, or the gorgeous coloured clouds from the sunset, as to pick flowers from the stems they grow on to die in a vase on my table.

Reading aloud

READING aloud, I must confess, ranks high to me among tedious performances. There is some kind of effluvium of "borousness" that streams from the printed or written page when its contents pass through a reader's mouth. To hear a parson read a sermon is the very quintessence of the juice of the poppies. When a friend corners you, and hemmed in by politeness, you are condemned to listen to whole pages he has written in heat and recites with glow, your soul looks about for some way of escape, like a rat in a hole. I have committed this crime more than once myself, and glanced up to surprise my auditor gazing longingly out of the window; I have even assaulted my poor wife thus, to have her, when I had finished, say, "That's splendid!—er—where do you suppose I put my silk gloves?"

No reading aloud should be permitted, it should be prohibited by the law of the country, and by the Methodist General Conference, and by the Holy See, except the reading of arrest warrants and sentences of death or of excommunication.

Except, and exceptions always burn brightly by contrast, these paragraphs of mine, or other paragraphs equally short. For a short thing, if it be tedious, is soon over; if it be good, may be remembered.

For of all long books, stories, essays or what not, only spots here and there are interesting. No long

affair is good. If you must read aloud, read first alone, and cull, and give us your bouquet. *Reading aloud*

Reading serious books aloud, one always goes too fast for the mind of the listener to grasp the sense. Reading novels aloud, one always goes too slow; for "books of quick interest," says Elia, "that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only."

THE greatest enemy to any real good thing is a cheap substitute. *The cheap substitute*

This is not applicable to baking-powder and soap only; it applies as well to the big verities, to soul-goods as much as to household goods.

The greatest enemy to religion is not ir-religion, not the infidels and the vicious and the blasphemous, but false religion, holy, solemn, impressive, century old or nation wide, and popular, swindles. The test of religion is this: true religion (I think it is Ruskin who says) gets rid of sin by stopping it, false religion by compounding with it, arranging with it.

The greatest enemy to aristocracy is extant aristocracy, which is based on fraud, and makes a merit of the meanest, vulgarest, traits of human nature, *i.e.* exclusiveness, pride, selfishness, coldness, hardness, and a lack of interest in humanity.

The greatest enemy to health is not disease, but fake medicines, fake healers, and fake ideas of hygiene.

The cheap substitute

The greatest enemy to real government is successful monarchy and partisanship ; not rebellion.

The greatest enemy, in fine, to truth is not denial or opposition, but a lie that is two-thirds truth.

Provincialism is not morality

PROVINCIALISM is not Morality.

Many conscientious people feel that whatever is different is immoral.

To many an honest villager and farmer the city is a sink of iniquity. The unconscious ground for this conviction is simply that so many things are done in cities to which the rural dweller is not used.

I find a very common expression of opinion also among those of any nation, section or race, that those of another are quite loose in morals. The English think French are libertines, and the French think English are hypocrites. Methodists imagine shocking things of Roman Catholics, and the latter can curdle your blood with accounts of the vileness of Methodists. A church member in Kansas looks upon a German sipping beer to music in a garden as on the toboggan slide to moral wreckage.

I would define real morality as that principle in a soul which respects the sanctities of life, maintains loyalty in love, seeks and enjoys useful daily work, subjects all desires to judgment, subordinates personal to altruistic motives, abhors dirt, is stern toward self, and lenient toward others. Wherever you find a principle working these works in a man, you

have found morality, whether the man be white or yellow, Christian or Mahommedan, consumer of grape-juice or of pump-water. *Provincialism is not morality*

THE Art of Sipping, that is what one ought to learn. The world may be divided into two classes, Bolters and Sippers. Everybody loves pleasure; but whether one's life is to be pleasurable or not depends, to a great degree, on whether he swallows his pleasure whole or eats slowly. Fletcherizing is applicable to souls, as well as to mouths. The wise phrase-makers are pretty well agreed on this. *The art of sipping*

"The dogs of the Nile," says Pythagoras, "drink running, for fear of the crocodiles; do likewise in thy cup of pleasure." Alfieri writes: "When joy's too much, it burdens as doth grief." Pinanti puts it: "The cup of life has ambrosia and nectar at its brim, at bottom bitter dregs; empty it not therefore to the last drop." "Pleasure," says Balzac, "is like certain medicinal substances; to obtain continuously the same effects, the dose must be doubled, and in that is often brutishness or death." Fontenelle tells us: "Pleasures are not solid enough for us to stand upon; we must run over them; they resemble certain swampy lands, over which one is obliged to pass quickly and lightly, without allowing the foot to rest." "Amusements," adds Romainville, "are like cordials [liqueurs],

The art of sipping

which one should take only in very small glasses." Madame de Puissieux says the same thing in another figure: "Pleasures taken moderately are like the dew upon flowers: they refresh and do not harm." And the secret of it all is found possibly in the saying of Bacon: "Disgust is bound up with every pleasure of the senses." By the Art of Sipping we learn to get the pleasures and avoid the disgust.

Nothing dies

NO good thing is ever lost. The Garden of Eden will come back some day, the gods of Greece will return to nature lovers, and Pan is not dead.

The stirring magnificence of royalties will reappear when democracy grows up, and the splendours of the people shall eclipse the triumphs of Cæsar and the durbars of the Emperor of India.

Discords die, sweet music lives on. Poor pictures perish, great art survives. Cheap books and ugly have their day, but upon the dear humanities of Dickens and the word-majesty of Shakespeare the sun never sets.

Children laugh as gaily in Chicago as they did in Nineveh, when the world was young. Lovers are as burning, and mothers are as tender, and girls are as pretty, and young men are as brave, as ever they were in the days before the Vedas were composed, or Job ruled in Uz.

Nothing dies

No fragment that was ever true and heartening in any faith but shall be ours again. No primal joy of life shall fade.

Oh, I am sure there yet is joy in living.
Altars that burned
Once have returned;
And sweet as swallow flights from high misgiving
Nature's old boons come back, unasked, unearned.
New Eden dies
Laughing across a thousand Calvaries.

The myriad personalities

THIS marvellous world is chock full of miracles, and no soul beneath the stars need go hungry for something at which to wonder.

One of the most amazing things to me is Nature's exhaustless supply of personalities. Every person born into the world has a personality different from all the myriads before him, different from all coeval with him, different from all who shall come after him.

You have that undefinable something about you that makes you you. I cannot tell what it is, but it is the most vital and real thing about you. It is not your voice, looks, nor way. It is, so to speak, a certain flavour, aroma, or spirit-quality.

If I love you, it is that "something" in you that I love. If I hate you, it is also that.

When I say I know you, I mean it is that "something" that I know.

The myriad personalities

If you are good, your goodness in the last analysis rests not in what you say, or do, or think; but in that mysterious "something about you."

Apples have different flavours, but they fall into classes, and generally apples of the same tree taste alike. Roses from similar bushes have the same odour. There are only about so many tunes or melodies or *motifs* in music, and the music makers seem to work them over and over. Stories are strikingly alike, and classifiable.

But every human being is utterly new. He is a fresh revelation. The one thing in which Nature never repeats herself is personality. Every new player on life's stage comes to us never having played before: there are no encores.

The most infinite thing about infinity is its infinite supply of personalities. Where do they come from? Whence this inexhaustible originality of mankind? What limitless fecundity!

The master of the world

HERE is a condensed novel. Title: "The Master of the World." Theme: a man who gets what everybody wants; every ambition is gratified; he is a success, unqualifiedly.

Edison is master of the world in invention, Roosevelt carried everything before him in politics, Shakespeare is the undisputed king of literature, Beethoven was supreme in music, Napoleon was the unique military genius, and such and such a man was the

greatest of orators, another the greatest of physicians, and so on. *The master of the world*

Well, one hero combines them all. He is the greatest in everything.

Every desire is gratified. Every aim is attained.

Then my novel would be devoted to a description of the result of all this upon the man's character.

I would show first how unlimited success makes him proud, hard, cruel and licentious; deadens his finer qualities, causes him to be brilliant and coarse.

Then comes success's terrible penalty, isolation. He finds he has no friends, no love. The absence of human weakness brands him, as Cain was branded: "Every one that findeth him shall slay him."

Finally, being really great, he sees where the trouble lies. He puts aside place, glory, praise, wealth and pride, and goes to serving the world in humility. Then he finds peace, happiness and love.

THIS is my sober declaration before all men, the universe, and God. I deny that God is a monarch and that he has any monarchic characteristics. I affirm that He is my Father, full of fatherly justice, patience, and forgiveness. *My denial*

I deny that life is necessarily a tragedy. I affirm that to any brave, simple, and honest, soul, life is always a success.

My denial

I deny that any fraud or wrong ever profits the doer. I affirm that the laws of cosmic goodness, the so-called moral laws, are just as accurate as the laws of matter and force.

I deny that death ends all. I affirm that I and that love shall survive death.

I deny that fear ever did any permanent good. I affirm that the first virtue for every soul is courage.

I deny that the world is getting worse. I affirm that all success of wrong is only apparent, and that the only thing that grows is goodness, health, and truth; so that every century humanity is better than the preceding.

I deny that money, force, or authority, ever helped the truth or helped the people. I affirm that only noble living, honest thinking and loving doing have ever advanced the coming of the Kingdom of God.

I can prove none of these statements. But I stake my soul on them.

Books we have never read

YESTERDAY—it matters not which yesterday, suffice it to say it was one of those which I had when I had passed middle life—I had a curious experience. I saw in a book store a copy of Arthur Helps' "Friends in Council," and bought it. I have heard young ladies say with shame that they had never been to Switzerland or California, and older people regret that they had never seen Naples, but it is with a much more genuine blush that I

confess never to have looked into this book, one of those to which constant reference is made in all literature. *Books we have never read*

There are others worse than I. There are youths who have grown up in a house with a library, have often twirled their thumbs vexed with ennui, and have complained of nothing to interest them, and all the while Poe and Irving and Walter Scott from their obvious shelves stared them daily in the face.

We should be more humiliated to confess we have never been to Nicholas Nickleby's school, never roamed the enchanted island with Caliban, never visited Emerson's Essays and Goethe's Faust, than to admit that we have never seen the Golden Horn or the Alhambra.

For the lands of literature are fuller of delight and wisdom than the lands about the Seven Seas. Besides they are so much easier and cheaper to explore.

Still, as a person over forty gets a peculiar pleasure from going abroad for the first time, sating a thirst that has been mounting for so long, so I can almost envy one who has reached fifty and never read Rasselas.

To read "Friends in Council" now seems to renew my youth.

The value of the love of woman

I COUNT the love of woman to be the most redemptive force in known creation.

I believe it has saved more men from idleness and vice than all the sermons, books, and hymns put together.

I know how blighting it is when perverted, but for all that I cannot understand how the Church for over a thousand years could take the attitude of regarding it as inherently antagonistic to morality and love of God.

One great branch of the Church has established celibacy among its priests; another states in its Articles that all desire "hath somewhat of the nature of sin"; and still a third warns men against friendship with women.

To my mind woman-love is the most deeply moral force in humanity; it has prevented more crime than all the police, and produced more real purity of mind than all fastings and flagellations and prayers.

And, best of all, it has produced more good Work than any other instinct of feeling. No name in letters outranks that of Goethe, and the Eternal Feminine always led him on. You cannot dissociate Beatrice from Dante. In fact, the greatest, noblest deeds, those most saturated with genius, have been those that men have done for the sake of laying the prize at a woman's feet.

All the mighty Business done in this steaming mill

of human energy, the United States, has been done merely to hand over to some woman. *The value of the love of woman*

No man is a real man until he falls in love. As Shakespeare puts it :

> *He is the half part of a blessed man,*
> *Left to be finished by such as she.*

"THERE is a touch of dreams in vice, there is a certain enchantment and voluptuous ecstasy in death." So runs a sentence which I pick out of a theatrical review to-day in a Paris paper. There is no doubt of the fact that the human soul can love crime as passionately as it can love goodness. A Frenchman, tasting an American ice cream soda for the first time in his life, set down his glass, smacked his lips, and said : "How delicious it would be—if it were only wicked!" *The smack of sin*

It is a truth old enough to be of an age with proverbs. Stolen waters are sweet, and forbidden fruit has the best flavour. When I was a boy we used to steal and eat and relish strawberries so puckery green that we would never have touched them at our father's table.

What gives this smack to sin, and makes evil so lickerish? It seems to me that it is a perversion of the instinct for Individuality, of the inherent drive in the soul toward Self-expression. Every evil thing in human nature will be found to be some

The smack of sin

good thing twisted. And the better and nobler the thing, the worse the twist.

Probably the most important natural impulse within us is this craving for Self-expression. Only as this is strong do we do any good creative work, especially in art or literature. Only as this has its way are we original in thought, influential in politics or society, and inspirational to those around us.

Gone awry, it flowers in poison traits; makes hardened criminals, lovers of blasphemy, prodigies of uncleanliness, and becomes the joy of rebellion. The witch is but the grotesque saint. The gargoyle on the outside of the Gothic church is subtly akin to the martyr in his niche within.

Why I believe in God

WHY does an intelligent mind in the Twentieth Century believe in God? I don't mean sects, doctrines or any other connotations, but simply —God.

And I will try to state succinctly some of the reasons that drive my own intelligence to the *sure* conviction that God is, and is working.

First, the idea of God is a necessity of thought. I cannot think about mankind and the universe without recognizing some one mind that manages them, any more than the chemist can get along without his idea of an atom, or a physicist without his idea of force. Force, atom, and God, are speculations, but they are necessary, we cannot think without them.

Why I believe in God

To me, God is the most rational explanation of the world. I think the biggest conceivable thing is personality. Nothing but a vast Person can explain so vast a world. Just a force or principle does not fill the bill.

Nothing but a Person combines that definiteness and mystery needed to make events rational. That God is mysterious makes Him satisfactory. Nordau says that "we are no nearer really understanding the least phenomenon now than were our ancestors in the Stone age."

I cannot get any unity in my cosmos without the God-idea.

God is also, to me, an emotional necessity. The world of feeling would not hold together without a dominant, unifying love.

God is also a moral necessity; not to give authority to ethics, but to explain their coherence and permanence.

My belief in God, naturally, does not rest upon anybody's authority, nor upon any of the old-fashion "proofs." You cannot prove there is God, or electricity; you can only use them.

Said Sir Joseph Landor, "The presumption is in favour of the simplest hypothesis." To me, God is the simplest hypothesis both of myself and of the universe.

Lower and upper meanings

THE old theologians used to speak of a lower and an upper meaning of Scripture texts. The Orientals likewise tell of an inner and an outer significance of certain doctrines. The ancient mysteries and their later imitators have their esoteric and exoteric teachings.

There is the same distinction to be made in my garden, and in the street of men, and the world of common things. Everything has an upper and a lower entity. Everything is not only what it is—and what that may be God only knows—but it is what it is to the sage and what it is to the fool.

A primrose by the river's brim is one thing to Peter Bell, and quite another thing to William Wordsworth.

So it seems to me that real religion is that quality of mind and feeling that goes constantly taking of all things, of all men and events, their Upper meanings, whilst irreligion culls only the lower meanings.

The roots of everything run into the dirt; the flowers of things wave in the air of heaven.

One pole of love is carnal craving, the other is the breath of God; which is it to you? Every woman is an animal, also an angel. Any occurrence that befalls me is produced by blind laws and material forces, also by the divine will. Pain is a physical nervous excitation, and sickness is some disturbance of the flesh; but sickness and pain are also spiritual

Opportunities; their roots are in the earth, their flowers seek the sun. Every man I meet is just another of the multitude of creatures, but he is also a messenger sent to me from out the Infinite. Life is a Temple or a Barn-yard, Death the going Down or the going Up of the curtain. God is an arbitrary Tsar, or a senseless Steam Engine, or a Father. But the whole question at issue is: What are You?

Lower and upper meanings

ANOTHER curious form of mental aberration that is quite common is the Pride in Ancestry. Why should I be proud that my grandfather was a hero, if I am not? "I did expect to see the day," says Landor, "and although I shall not see it, it must come at last, when he shall be treated as a madman or an impostor, who dares to claim nobility, and to show his family name in the history of his country, and who cannot write his own under it in the same or as goodly characters." It seems to me a man ought to boast more of being greater than any of his forbears than of being less. I would rather be an improvement on my stock than a degenerate. To be sure one would take satisfaction in having a famous father, but in the same way, and no more, as he would be pleased at the eminence of a friend.

Pride in ancestry

As a matter of fact the glory of the father, more often than not, is a shadow and a burden upon the

Pride in ancestry

son. It tends to cripple and dwarf him. Those are the most tenacious of their noble ancestry who have least nobility of their own; while if a man really amounts to somewhat he wants the credit of it himself.

Family pride is very favourable to narrowness, provincialism, prejudice, and all the confining and meaner passions. It promotes loafers, fattens good-for-nothings, discourages real genius and ability, and is altogether one of those "strong delusions" blown by the Prince of This World into the minds of men.

Our past depends upon our present

THAT is a very true word of Maeterlinck: "Notre passé depend tout entier de notre present, et change perpetuellement avec lui (Our past depends entirely upon our present, and changes perpetually with it)."

For the nature of the effect of our past upon us is controlled by the present will and mood. If we are lost and ruined it is by our deed Now, and not by our deeds Then. We can make a wicked and worthless past a stepping-stone upon which to rise to a noble future. By despair, regret, and other forms of self torment we can make our past a sore, a fever, and a living thorn. By courage, hope, and heart we can make it a tower of strength.

A man's destiny is never closed. Every moment he has the power to pour into the empty vase of the

past red liquor of a strong purpose, and of that which was a grief and shame he can make an inspiration. *Our past depends upon our present*

The old saying, "While the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return," contains a real psychological truth. Life is a perpetual resurrection. Every minute granted us is full of healing. By proper use of the Present we can transform every mistake, failure, crime, sin, folly and bad habit, into that beautiful thing that shall safeguard and ennoble the Future—that is, Wisdom.

HAVE you ever noticed that peculiarity of great prophetic sayings, that faculty they have of eternal elasticity, by which they seem to unfold from age to age in new meanings? *The elasticity of great sayings*

The Hebrew poet had no idea of the riches of his utterance when he sung that "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." But his words are still the noblest dress of the wonders brought by telescope and spectrum.

The real mastery of Shakespeare is not in what he was, nor in any literary excellence, but in the fact that as our civilization proceeds, matures, carries the race on to new conditions and changes in public opinion, his sentences still remain the most quotable to express our new experiences. Surely he is one of the real "immortals." When Garfield was

The elasticity of great sayings

assassinated, for instance, nobody could think of a finer thing to say than to quote from Macbeth :

> *His virtues*
> *Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against*
> *The deep damnation of his taking off.*

In this same perpetually evergreen and evolving property of Jesus' words lies his spiritual supremacy. The freshest truths of modern altruism are his sentences. He is the breath of unfading moral Springtime. What a pity that his real greatness for so many centuries has been concealed under a fictitious, artificial, and tinsel greatness, made by childish theologues.

Rich folk's ways

POOR folks have poor ways, they say down in the country ; but more amazing to me are the ways of the rich.

I know a woman with plenty. Her pocket-book is always full of yellow things. She will buy any little trinket that pleases her, no matter about the price. She came home the other day with a useless bit of bric-à-brac that cost her $125. And she will drive her automobile five miles out of the way to get grape fruit at ten cents the dozen less than at her grocer's. Of course she has a right to : only it's odd.

The most amusing place to observe the antics of the rich is in a business meeting of a church. I have

Rich folk's ways

seen a company of men, worth collectively over two million dollars, spend two hours chaffering over putting a new twenty-dollar sidewalk in front of the parsonage.

A man will go to the Triennial Conclave of his Order and spend money like a drunken sailor, and come home and complain because his wife has bought something for $11 that she might have got for $9.60.

I know a man who gets a new limousine every spring, trading in the old one and a thousand dollars. When he dines down town he often gives the waiter a ten dollar tip. He's a good spender. And the other day he discharged an old employee that had been in his service fifteen years, because he could get some one else to do the work three dollars a month cheaper.

When Jesus spoke of its being hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom, he wasn't talking theology, he was describing human nature.

The difference between knowing and realizing

THERE is a difference between knowing a thing and realizing it.

It is curious to note how a truth, a fact, will wander around unnoticed in the realm of your knowledge for years, and then, all of a sudden, at some moment, it will come home to you, it will bite you, sting you, and enter into your blood and bone.

The difference between knowing and realizing

Sometimes an experience, a happening, will drive a truth home. For instance, you are sick at sea; and you say, "I had heard of seasickness, but I never realized before what it means." A child has been told of the hot stove, but he realizes it when he burns his finger.

And sometimes realization seems to come without any particular occasion. I hardly ever pick up one of my favourite books, Ruskin or Vasari or Dante or Sainte Beuve or the Bible, but some passage I had often passed over regardless leaps out into prominence before my mind, as though it were suddenly printed in black-face type, and I realize it.

And occasionally in a meditative mood, when I am just smoking my pipe and vegetating, some phase of life or of nature, in a flash made vibrant flesh, will rise before me.

Last night, for example, sitting in a restaurant, I saw the meaning of Democracy rise, like a flame, and sink into my being.

I think the words of Jesus have more of this haunting, shockingly materializing quality, than the words of any one else, in books or out.

The philosophy of old age

SOMETIME I should like to undertake a Philosophy of Old Age. That is to say, to set forth in order those elements of wisdom and of emotion that accumulate upon the soul only with Time. For Time has a certain educational value,

quite apart from effort. There are certain qualities the human spirit gets as wine takes on certain qualities, merely by ageing. *The philosophy of old age*

One of those traits, which grows upon free, vigorous and receptive minds, is an increasing dislike for all artificialities. I think I should test whether a soul had normally ripened or not, by this: whether forms and ceremonies had gained or lost with him. The typical withered souls are old women who love society, receptions, summer hotels, and all social vanities; the old men who hang about lodge-rooms, and are authorities upon ritual; and those churchmen who, as they increase in years, become greater sticklers for petty rites, orders, and precedences. The typical matured soul is one that goes back to nature and loves realities. That is why many wise old men take to farming.

Goethe's change with years is instructive. After seeing things in Rome, he wrote: "Operas, ceremonies, processions and ballets, slide off from me like water off from an oil-cloth. One stroke of Nature on the contrary, such as the sunset seen from the Villa Madama, or a work of real art like the thrice-honoured Juno, makes upon me a profound and vivid impression."

IT has been often observed that great saints are freest and fullest in their condemnation of themselves, in acknowledging their sins, while great *Confession*

Confession

sinners are ever setting forth their merits and telling how good they are.

The reason for this is a curious one. It is a psychological phenomenon not generally understood. It is that the Confession of a fault really removes it from us. Once avowed it is ours no more. We have detached it from our hearts. We have pulled it out of our nature as we pull a weed from the soil. It is no more flesh and blood of us; it has become a picture, a statue, something external.

We are all human, and saints and sinners are really pretty much the same. Badness sprouts in us all, as dog-fennel and rag-weed grow in the corn rows. The good man is chiefly distinguished by the fact that by confession he removes the noxious growth.

That is why all such talk as claiming I am as good as anybody, I am not so bad, I think I am as holy as those in church, there is nothing the matter with me, and the like, is essentially injurious. It keeps and covers our feelings. Whereas a good honest confession is full of ozone, purifying and cleansing. "The acknowledgment and admission of one's faults," says Maeterlinck, "precipitates chemically their poison, which becomes innocent crystals in the bottom of the memory."

The pleasures of fault finding

ONE of the commonest and keenest pleasures of human beings is that of Finding Fault. We not only all like it, but we like to see it done.

The pleasures of fault finding

During a number of years I preached, and I noticed that any sermon rating politicians, belabouring gamblers, or excoriating the Mormons, was especially enjoyed by the congregation. I suspect that underneath their piety the brethren felt the hereditary stir of that which might be called their "religious sporting blood," that in time past had chased the Huguenots, potted the wild Albigenses, harried the Quakers, and raised the hue and cry of the know-nothings against the Romanists.

Newspapers owe their grip on our interest to their exposures and denunciations. Praise is tame and the appreciation of goodness is but bread and milk, compared to the strong meat of blame and carping.

Magazines have discovered that muck-raking is a marvellous circulation builder.

The most interesting woman in any social circle is the woman with the sharpest tongue.

If anyone wants to attract attention, to be noticed, to move into the spot-light of that social stage where he plays his part, let him study the art of Fault Finding. He may be hated, but he will be noticed.

There is a good deal of the carrion crow taste in the human mind. We loathe gossip, and listen to it; we detest meddling, but read meddlers; we praise charity and enjoy the tales of intolerance. That which is "remarkable," "curious," "interesting,"

The pleasures of fault finding

and "striking," is, as a rule, that which is none of our business.

Experience renders one eclectic

THE tendency of experience is to render a man ecletic. The more one travels, the more he sees something to like in every nation ; much that he thought was patriotism he finds to be provincialism. The more one reads, the less peculiar and egoistic he grows ; people with the most marked individualities are more among the unlettered ; it is among the peasants, and in the slums you must look for local colour. The longer an intelligent physician practises, the more he doubts all simple theories of disease, and with his material learned at school he mixes a little homœopathy and osteopathy, and mind cure and psychic suggestion. The older a politician gets the more he becomes a compound of all parties, and the longer a sincerely religious man lives, the more he comes to appreciate something good in all faiths. All this, of course, presupposes honest intelligence and a capacity for growth. There are some natures that narrow and harden with years. Any new programme for humanity, therefore, which proposes a root remedy for all ills by applying one great, glorious idea, is merely—young. There is no One truth the race needs, for the reason that it needs all truths. No one thing is the matter with us. So as we grow older, strange, foreign and

repudiated philosophies and religions come back to us, each with something good. *Experience renders one eclectic*

Sainte Beuve called Chateaubriand "an Epicurean with a Catholic imagination," and added, "there are those whose imaginations are Catholic, entirely independent of what they believe."

THERE is something sad in all memories, even of pleasant things. What is more pathetic than a bundle of ten-year-old love letters, or a hobby-horse in the attic, once ridden by the boy that now has children of his own, or the little pair of red shoes, bought with what joy, for the tiny girl that did not grow up at all, but went away into the dark, or the house you lived in twenty years ago, or the old coat that once made you gay, and fits now no more! All remembrance is tinged with sadness, as the sea is tinged with blue. *All memory is a little sad*

There is something happy in all hope. If we do not look forward to an event with joy, at least, no matter how it threatens, we get from it, so long as it is in the future, the zest of battle or the keenness of curiosity.

So the soul moves on, before it light, behind it the trailing shadow of memory.

No one ought to drink too deeply or too constantly of the past. It is a heart depressant. Those who dwell among reminiscences are apt to be gloomy.

The secret of most happy natures, habitually cheer-

All memory is a little sad

ful and smiling souls, is that their eyes constantly run ahead. Their food is the future.

Singularly, our happiest time, however, our youth, lies behind us, and our most dreaded experience, death, lies before.

It is only by deluging death with hope, saturating it with futurity that we can dissolve its terror. Even death may grow light if we can still look ahead.

Joy is more wonderful than sorrow

JOY is vastly more wonderful than Sorrow. It is deeper, higher, fuller of mystery and awe. Tragedy is a dramatic thing. Grief and calamity are mainly stage affairs, and belong to that order of unusual and extraordinary things that make the ignorant crowd gape. The playwright seizes these black themes for effect, simply because his audience cannot understand the greatness of joy.

There are but few pains in the world. You can run them over on your fingers: sickness, torture, deception, disappointment, love lost, and so forth. And almost any fool, any ignoramus, any least developed nature, can feel them.

But joy is complex, infinite, endlessly varied. There are the pleasures of art, of literature, of scientific pursuits, of problem solving, of music, of intellectual creation, which are caviare to the general. Then there are the delights of virtue, of work, of perseverance, of unselfishness, of making others happy, of

the worship of God; and of these a very large portion of mankind is sceptical or ignorant. Add to these the enjoyment of nature, the love of woods and streams, mountains, oceans and flowers, of which many persons know little. Also the fine ecstasy of great ideas and of noble dreams. "Often," writes a philosopher, "the sorrow of the wise resembles the sorrow of any other man, but his happiness is no sort of kin to that which fools call happiness. There are more unknown regions, more undiscovered country, in joy than in sorrow. To understand the joy of great souls you must be great as they."

Joy is more wonderful than sorrow

THE first of all beliefs is the belief in Life itself.

The first belief is in life

The only heresy that has really been a curse and a false guide to men is the heresy that it is not worth while to live.

All sins, at bottom, are due to holding life cheap. All tyrannies, cruelties, and acts of injustice arise from a contempt of life.

In degree as we reverence life we revere God who is the source of life, and care properly for our souls which are the centres of life, and value humanity which is the manifestation of life.

That my own life is worth living, that it is a sacred thing, is to me the ground and beginning of any true creed. For if I cease to live, then, as far as I am

The first belief is in life

concerned (and that is as far as anything interests me) God ceases, and all men ; the universe ceases to exist.

Underneath all souls is the great mother earth of Life, as the same soil is beneath all flowers. We sink our roots into it, draw from it our sustenance. We come from it, we go back to it.

The ocean of waters is salt, but the ocean of lives is sweet.

Life is good, and not bad. Life is strong, and not weak. Life continually triumphs over all the forces of death.

Any thought, creed, philosophy, or mood, that brings the feeling that life is a mistake, and makes us wish we had not been born, is sickly and wrong.

"La première certitude, c'est la foi implicite à la vie," says Charles Wagner.—"The first certainty is the implicit faith in life."

Grown children

IT is hard for people to understand the man who is but a grown-up child. For there are men and women who cannot mature.

They cannot sink into the cramped form of what they are "supposed to be." They have the child's love of doing the very thing that is not expected of them.

They have the child's intuitional, inexcusable, yet violent, attractions and repulsions.

They have the child's utter absorption in the

present. The past slips from them so easily. The future casts no shadow. It is all a strong, healthy Now. How many crimes are not criminal at all, but just the outbreak of a childish passion for the present! *Grown children*

They have the child's naïve, intense, and often charming, egoism. Though wrapped up in self, yet somehow their company is more cheery than a too conscious unselfishness.

They have the child's love of play, and entire willingness that others should work and support them.

If they like you, there is something about their love that seems sweeter than if it were more rational; for they love as children love—just because.

They have a child's delight in movement, colour, and tense moments. Alas! how the ways of deepest darkness in the city streets are sown with little child-hearts, in women that could never realize!

They have the child's love of fancy, and aversion to fact. They ask not for the truth. What they say is, "Tell us a story."

When we meet these eternal children, we should not blame them, for that is so easy to do, and so cheap and cruel, but we should mother them and father them, if so be we have more staidness.

For perhaps He who loved the little children may have for these unripened souls some tenderer judgment than for us.

Grown children

And then, perhaps, it is we that—but of course it isn't.

The angels interested in us

IT is a beautiful fancy that the angels are interested in us.

Since we can suppose anything, perhaps it is just as well to suppose things as pleasant as possible.

I like to think of an invisible audience of friendly spirits. Their mute interest is heartening.

My dog does not know what is going on in my mind, yet he capers, barks, and wags his tail, as we walk along. This proves that one can enjoy companionship without communication. Neither do I know what all the birds and flowers are thinking about, that eye me on my way, but they take away lonesomeness, for all that.

So when I have done something particularly good, when I have finished a piece of work of which I strongly approve, it is good to think my little chorus of attendant spirits clap their hands. Sometimes I can almost hear them. It is much better than mere self-satisfaction.

And if I do some deed of unobserved charity, if I slip a bag of peanuts to a passing child that looks hungry, if I throw to a stray dog a piece of the sandwich I am munching as I lunch by the roadside, if I help the laundry woman push her cart up an especially steep hill, I like to imagine the smiles of my spirit friends all about me like sunshine.

"I try not to make the angels cry," said Maurice Bouchor. *The angels interested in us*

IF you suspect you are a fool, and if you would rather be hated than found out, it is a good plan to be sarcastic. *Sarcasm*

If you secretly detest anyone, and are too great a coward to slap his face, be sarcastic.

If you want to cause misery to those who are weaker than yourself, and you dare not pinch them, or pull their nose, for fear of what people might say, be sarcastic.

If you like to make your children wretched because their high spirits offend you, or because you realize you are utterly incompetent to govern them, be sarcastic.

If you feel bad, are irritable, sour tempered, or suffer from indigestion, and you want to make some one suffer out of pure spite, be sarcastic.

If you find that you cannot convince anyone that you are right, and if you want to make him miserable even if you can't worst him, be sarcastic.

If anyone is better, wiser, or handsomer than you, the most satisfactory way of venting your spleen is to be sarcastic.

Sarcasm is a great comfort to egotistic, sensitive, cowardly, and petty souls.

"It seems to me," said Paul Desjardins, "that sarcasm is simply the attitude of minds that do not

Sarcasm

want to express what they think, or do not themselves know what they think, or think nothing."

The nuisance of accuracy

A PERSON may think too clearly, and have opinions too well defined.

It is not human to be certain about everything.

There is a kind of accuracy that is offensive.

Besides, most exact information is pure bluff.

I read somewhere of a man that gained a great reputation for knowledge. By and by he had the whole town terrorized. "Do you know how many nails there are in that bridge?" he would say. "Just 19,723. If you don't believe it, count 'em. There are just 724,666 fishes in the river between here and the next town. Your head has 76,942 hairs on it. The blood of your body contains 7,000,001 corpuscles, 964,000 red and the rest white. 67,000,003 stars are visible."

In addition to this he would study up a lot of real statistics, and spring them upon company.

In consequence he became as annoying as a pinching bug.

It is well to know that the knowledge of facts is no part of social equipment.

When people ask you for exact data they don't want to be told.

To know how to pronounce every disputed word, to be able to supply every date, to remember the

precise words and details of every incident, is to qualify for the office of City Bore. *The nuisance of accuracy*

To feign ignorance is a surer way of securing friends than either to feign or to possess too much information.

IF you love me tell me so. *If you love me tell me so*

Do not be always praising me. Above all do not say things you don't mean, just to please me. Bring me no borrowed or artificial stimulants to my affection.

But if ever there is a motion of your desire toward me, if some moment my eye or lip or hand or any attitude of mine pleases you, do not fail to note it, and upon proper occasion confess it to me.

The one thing love needs as its daily food is expression. You may be shy, timid, naturally self-restrained. It may be constitutionally difficult for you to give vent to any generous admiration. You may even fear it will sound hypocritical. You may dread being misunderstood.

No matter. Keep trying. Form the habit of saying outright what you think—if you think love. If you conceal anything, let it be the little repugnances I arouse in you. For these must needs be, both being human.

And when it is all over—as it will be in a few years at least, perhaps days, who knows?—it will be these "little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and

If you love me tell me so

of love" that will make fragrant the memory of our days together, when but one of us is left.

"Ah!" exclaimed Carlyle, over his dead wife, "if only I had five minutes with her, if only to assure her that I loved her through all that!"

To love is to let yourself be loved

TO love is to let yourself be loved.

The beginnings of love may be spontaneous, but the permanent fountain of love is fed by the consciousness that we are beloved.

The food of love is love returned. Without response love starves to death.

The mother is said to love the child even when he spurns her, and God is declared to love them that scorn Him; yet this feeling is not so much love itself as it is the foundation of love, the material out of which love can be made. It is potential love, as fire and water unjoined are potential steam.

Love is double. It is not in your heart, nor in mine, but in both united.

It is the electric flame that plays between the positive and negative poles of the arc light.

We are far from having fathomed the secrets of personality, but it is certain that there are certain chemical compounds, so to speak, of souls; and these compounds differ from each individual soul as much as water differs from oxygen or hydrogen.

If I love you, and you do not love me, it is torment. If you love me in return it is joy.

And the normal functioning of life is always joy, not pain. *To love is to let yourself be loved*

THE other day a photographer explained to a little group of friends how the freak motion-pictures are made. *Mind-gear*

To show a rose-bud opening, blooming and fading, he would fix the bud firm with wires, set his camera before it, and take one snap picture every ten minutes for three days ; then he would run them off before the audience at the rate of sixteen a second, which would take but a short time.

The human mind is geared to a certain speed, also. Thoughts, or sensations, follow one another single file. They pass over the mind say at a rate of two or three a second.

Question : What sort of a world would it seem if the thought train should suddenly accelerate to the rate of a hundred a second ? Things would occur to us in infinite slowness. We could hear the grass growing. A bell stroke would stretch out to a long long peal as of a trumpet. A man walking would appear stationary.

Or if the rate of thought speed should be lowered to one impression a minute, or an hour ? We should be set over in an utterly different world.

All of which teaches us that all impressions, ideas, art, morals, are Relative things, and depend upon the location and the movement of the Soul and

Mind-gear

Mind. And if Mr. A. is geared morally at 40, how can he hope to fit into the views of Mr. B. who is geared at 120?

Decomposition is as pure as growth

DECOMPOSITION, to the philosopher (that is, to the man who knows realities and not merely appearances), is just as pure as growth.

The disgusting carrion rots by the roadside. Nature makes it repugnant to our noses because she wants us to keep away from it. It is not for us.

But it is for other organisms just as important perhaps to Nature's plans as are we. It is for buzzards and worms.

Nature is as painstaking in carrying on the decay of the fallen oak as she is in attending to the development of the sapling.

Death is as clean as birth.

Life's exits are as necessary as life's entrances.

And, this being true, is it not possibly true that a man's failures are as useful, wholesome, and normal, as his successes? And may not our chagrins, disappointments, and disillusions, be as sanitary to the soul as our joys and loves?

A life of perfect bliss is psychologically unthinkable. Suffering and failure are the meat upon which greatness feeds.

Grandeur of spirit, nobleness of character, and the glow of religion are but the light of souls burning.

"This earth," says Anatole France, "is but a grain

of sand in the infinite desert of worlds. But, if only upon this planet suffering exists, it is greater than all the rest together. What do I say? It is all; the rest are nothing."

Decomposition is as pure as growth

IT is not truth we want in art. It is beauty.

Nothing is art that is ugly

To avoid quibbling, as to whether truth is not always beautiful, and whether anything that is not true can be beautiful, possibly we had better say that what we demand of a work of art is not actual verity but verisimilitude.

Just to say, for instance, to a child that it is a "true story" you are going to tell him, spoils it a little.

At least it used to, for me. I always hated a "true story," fearing the facts would clog the fancy, and they usually did.

For romance is not of the world as it is, but of the world as coloured by the soul of the teller.

A murder takes place. The minstrel may relate it upon his harp, and stir our patriotism or clan-pride; a woman report it weeping and move us to pity; a preacher may describe it as a martyrdom and awaken our religious feeling; or a physician may give his account of it, in which the main interest will be its anatomical, scientific aspect.

Art, whether literature or painting, is not to give us the facts in the case, but the beauty, or the beautiful facts, in the case.

Nothing is art that is ugly.

Nothing is art that is ugly

(It takes two to make a beautiful thing, however, the thing seen and the person seeing.)

It is beauty that is the eternal hunger. Nature is the exhaustless storehouse of beauty. Art is the purveyor.

White passions

IN Mr. H. G. Wells' "New Machiavelli" I find the phrase "white passions struggling against the red."

A white passion, I gather, would be an enthusiasm for socialism, for instance; while love of woman would be a red passion.

And very curious is the power of the white passions of the human heart; but very real none the less.

Men have gone mad for women, and have done noble deeds and devilish deeds. But they have gone just as crazy for a white idea.

"The pale martyr in his shirt of fire" was sustained by the white passion for holiness. The stern inquisitor directing the heretic's torture had a white passion too; or you might call it black—the point is, it was not red.

The French Revolution was an orgy of white passion; men were mad for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; though much red passion was mixed in during the upheaval.

There are minds that think in states, hearts that feel in terms of social emotion, natures that function in propaganda.

White passions

In you and me are both white and red passions. A man is a curious animal, that can weep for a government, take fire at a political idea, and go gladly to death for some particular notion about the universe.

The economy of Nature

TO realize in some degree how wonderfully economical Nature is, look at the way she works Water. Really it seems too much. If ever Nature's employees go on a strike it will be Water that shall have the grievance most just. It is the maid-of-all-work.

In my glass of lemonade is a chunk of ice; I get the grateful coolness of my drink as well as the drink itself from Water. And for cold feet nothing better than a hot-water bottle has been invented.

When houses were warmed with fireplaces we roasted, shivered and turned like spitted geese. Now we have equable summer from cellar to garret, and it is Water that distributes the heat.

Most of the marvels of modern times, railways, factories, tunnel-piercing, and ocean-crossing, have been born from the marriage of friend Water to Fire.

Water is the home of more animal life than air.

Sunset and sunrise and cloud effects are but Water playing with Light.

No plants would grow without Water, and without it all animals would die.

The economy of Nature

The snowstorm displays its feathery beauty; it is Water; that's all.

Water quenches my thirst, cleanses my body, produces my food, creates the beauty of my landscape, transports my person and my property.

That was an amazing claim of the young Nazarene, as he stood on the great day of the feast and cried: "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink!" Think of being to men anything like what Water is to them!

Love is the perfect tense of life

"STUFF!" exclaims Dr. John Brown, in his "Horæ Subsecivæ." "These wordmongers know nothing about it. Live, love; that is it, the perfect of live."

I agree with the old man; that the word love is the perfect tense of the word live; in the face of all the etymologists and dictionary makers; and that if it isn't it ought to be.

The theologians used to say that love is not one of God's attributes, like omnipotence, omnipresence, and the like; for the Scriptures do not say that God is loving, but that He is love; and therefore love is God Himself, His very nature, and no quality; a very true and well-taken point.

So likewise I affirm that love is not merely one of life's functions; love is life's very self. Where there is no love there is no life, but a poor simulacrum of life.

Love is the perfect tense of life

A man is never fully born into the understanding of the world until he loves; and as soon as love ceases and dries up in him he is dead, dead as a door-nail; ever after that, until they bury him, he is but a sapless, leafless, flowerless, fruitless tree.

Aye, Dr. John Brown, you are right as a trivet. "I think love is a verb," you say, "and I think it must have been originally the Perfect of Live, like thrive, throve, and strive, strove."

Love is truly the Perfect, the Perfection of Living. It is the water of the River of Life that gushes out from beneath the Great White Throne, and our throats are continually athirst for it.

The joy of buying things

OFTENTIMES when your soul is tired within you, and life is drab, and the worm of ennui gnaws at your inwards, there is joy to be found in going down town and buying things.

Shopping is not merely the business of procuring what you need. If you think it is only that, you miss the poetry of it.

Shopping is a game. It is a sport. If women bought only what they needed the stores would soon close; if they even bought what they wanted, it would be fatal to the Bon Marché and Marshall Field's. They neither need nor want the plunder they purchase; they simply want the fun of purchasing.

I confess to a secret dabbling in this vice. I often

The joy of buying things

walk through those marvellous mazes of heaped-up stuff, the department stores, and sneakingly tumble the neckties about, and the stationery, and the books, and even the lampshades and hammers and coffee-grinders in the basement. And I should hate to tell you of the utterly useless rubbish that has from time to time obstipated my closets and upper shelves, things for which I paid good money that might better have been spent for fire-crackers (which can be fired off), or sent to the heathen, who really need necklaces and red cloth.

In my time I have risen and cursed shopping. I have reproached my wife with it. Now you know why. It is because I love it, and occasionally fall and do it. No one can curse a thing so well as one who once in a while does it.

The only drawback to the game of shopping is that it takes money. Still, it is not so expensive as poker.

Even yesterday I bought two ties I did not need. And one of them was red. I shall not let the family see them for a while.

Counter currents

STANDING one day by the Bridge of the Graces over the Arno, in Florence, where the river was up and yellow with recent rains, and sped like a tawny mill-race through the arches, I noticed that below the bridge the water not only swept downward where it came through the open spaces,

but also seemed to flow backward and upstream behind each of the huge piers. *Counter currents*

Wherever there is an obstruction in a stream there is a counter-current. And this is true not only of a stream of water, but of streams of thought and of feeling, and of those streams we call age-tendencies, epochal trends, and currents of public and social progress.

Unfortunately, most observers are In the water, and not On the Bridge above it. A fish can have no notion of the real drift of things.

So we have all sorts of conflicting explanations of the currents of our times. One thinks the world is rapidly going to the bad, another that the millennium is approaching; some believe we are drifting to anarchy, others toward the Man on Horseback; in France one group conceive that the country is sweeping toward atheism, another that a spiritual regeneration is taking place; so in China, in India, in Russia, everywhere the march of events is now declared to be East, and again West.

The one who comes nearest to knowing is the Philosopher. He is the Detached Soul. He stands on the bridge. He sits on the fence. Perhaps he is not of much use, at least so some would tell us; but at least he can See; that is, provided he himself is not caught in some eddy. But the only one who certainly knows is God, sitting alone "on the circle of the heavens."

The Club

FOR your real, genuine, Simon-pure exclusiveness you must go to a Club.

Club is an English word; they have no equivalent for it in other languages; and France, and Italy, Germany and Russia use the English term. That is because it is essentially an English thing.

A Club is a "clump" or "knot" of persons joined together for social or other purposes. That was its original meaning, doubtless.

But it is implied that to shut us in means to shut everybody else out. And it is the shutting out that is dearer to your true-born Briton's heart than the shutting in.

I have belonged to several clubs, and still go to one occasionally; and I here admit, that the secret pleasure I take in walking into the building past the uniformed doorkeepers, consists in the consciousness that my fellow men upon the street would be promptly stopped if they attempted to enter.

This I regret as a low pleasure, and I am ashamed as I write it. But all the same it is a distinct pleasure. I inherit it, I suppose, from my English ancestors, just as I inherit some other things I like and am ashamed of from my chimpanzee ancestors.

For the acme of an Englishman's enjoyment of life is to know that some one else wants and cannot get what he has. His garden must have high walls. His forests must have gamekeepers, who should be called poacher-shooters. His house is rightly called

his castle. His whole fabric of society rests upon the desirability of exclusiveness. His home, his park, his railway compartment, his club, all are marked with his idea of heaven, which is for the elect; and the greatest of these is his club, for there even his wife is shut out. *The Club*

WITHOUT discussing the philosophy of it I should like merely to remark upon the curious way in which work on this earth is paid for. One thing is sure, a man is not paid according to the value of his work, nor for the effort he puts into it. As a matter of actual experience the law of "demand and supply" is a myth. *How work is paid for in this world*

What is one paid for? I mean, of course, money paid, not soul paid. There was Filippo Lippi, who "made the whole of Dante's Hell in relief in a shell, with all the circles and the pits and the well, including all the figures and smallest details described by the great poet." I venture to say he never got a hundred lire for it.

Did the patient genius that made the Strassburg Clock, with its infinite mechanism of marching apostles and the like, die a millionaire?

I knew a man who worked hard all his life until he grew old and had the cramps and went to the poorhouse.

I know another man who rises late, rides to his office in an automobile, looks over his mail and a

How work is paid for in this world

few other papers, smokes three cigars, and then goes to his club for lunch, and afterwards out to play; and he receives forty thousand dollars a year.

The most valuable service that can be rendered humanity is to bring children into the world; but no price is quoted for the women who do this; in fact, some of them are cursed and cast out for it.

The most worthless service for the race is that of poisoning its blood and the vitality of its spirit, and along the lobster and champagne avenues of the great cities this business makes many rich.

What is the Answer? As near as I can guess, it is that to do good work, whether raising bees or preaching the gospel, a man has to be either independently rich or independently poor. And the chances are in favour of the latter.

Up-side-downness

THE Moving-Picture man was showing us how certain miraculous views were made.

To represent people climbing up a steep wall rapidly you simply lay a painted wall-scene on the floor and place the camera above it and let the people crawl by. In a similar way dogs and men can be shown running on ceilings.

There are many strange things in human experience that can be made plain by remembering that the brain is a camera on which Events are recorded as scenes on a moving-picture film.

And there are persons with inverted brains, tilted

brains, and brains that do not stand still, but wobble, and so produce marvellous things. *Up-side-downness*

Many plain and ornamental liars are simply people who tell truly enough what they see but who see abnormally. Their conceptual camera is not level. Miracle-mongers, folk who see visions, psychic subjects, and the like, are such.

Science is of value because it teaches us to hold the brain-camera level.

Those who believe outlandish nonsense, those who hold absurd and twisted views of life, see the same old world we see; only their camera is loose and shaky—or up-side-down. And whose brain-lens is perfectly firm and level?

WE spend most of our time looking for ideal friends and neighbours. We resent enforced intimacies. We get into the way of despising our own villagers. When we travel, trains and stations are filled with common people. We would like to know celebrities, mix with those who appreciate us. We wonder why so many uninteresting people are thrown to our lot; why we cannot find everywhere soul mates and sympathetic natures. *The friends introduced by Destiny*

In this, as in other matters, we would gain much if we strove to adjust ourselves to what is, instead of petulantly trying to adjust what is to ourself.

We shall take a great stride toward contentment if we will start with the basic theory that the people

The friends introduced by Destiny

that Fate moves to meet us are the most important people in the world for us to know.

Our town is a little cosmos. To understand the storekeeper, the blacksmith, and the farm-hand, is to understand humanity.

The little company of passengers caged with us a week on an Atlantic liner is a prime sample of all the kings and snobs, saints and rogues, cruel and gentle folk, that exist.

Our children and wife and relatives are those Destiny has chosen ; and destiny is deeper sighted than we.

The man you sit by on the street car came from the ends of the earth to meet you. All-wise Fate brought the girl with the vulgar hat to ride with you a moment in the elevator. The Stars set that man down by your side at the hotel table.

Are you studying to see what Destiny meant? Are you taking the problem as it is handed to you and seeking the answer?

Or are you whining because the problem is not different?

Our virtues are our vices tamed

IF the human heart may be called a Garden, then it is like the Garden of Eden, into which the Lord put man "to dress it and keep it." Much of the talk of "returning to nature" is but a partial glimpsing of the truth. For in a state of nature man is a savage standing behind lovely oaks ready

to tomahawk his brother, and staining the daisied meadows with the blood of women and babies. It is cities and civilization that make men gentle. *Our virtues are our vices tamed*

Take the flowers of the heart, and notice, for example, how each bloom we prize is, in its natural wild state, a noxious weed. Lust is the wild flower, love is that flower trained and dressed by civilization. Our vices are our wild virtues; our virtues are our wild vices pruned and cultivated. Murder, assault, and revenge, are the instinctive forces that, subject to reason, become law, police, and justice. Egoism is the wild, self-respect is the developed, plant. Superstition is the woods weed which, transplanted into the gardens of intelligence, becomes the sweet blossom of religion. War, or the organization of men to kill, is being forced, cross-bred and altered into the organization of commerce and of politics whose fruit is to preserve life. The weeds of speculation likewise become the nutritious herb of science; alchemy, the weed, becomes chemistry, the vegetable; the weeds of necromancy and witchcraft are changed to the valuable plant called psychology; the weeds of incantation and Paracelsus hocus-pocus become the intelligent science of medicine. Man is distinctively a cultivated plant. A baby born in the twentieth century and attending an American public school is not only six hundred years later than any baby born in Dante's time, but he is some six hundred times better.

How narrowness is mistaken for goodness

WE are apt to call any narrow, ignorant outburst of conscience, good. Speaking of some religious crank, or some little soul that has been swept away by the mob-rush to some new fad, or some vicious perverted life that flourishes one little moral excellence, we say that such a one is good. The grafter who is kind to the poor, the boodler who keeps his promises, the burglar who does not use tobacco, the hard-hearted, pig-headed, close-fisted old skinflint who never indulges in profane language, we think they ought to have a good mark.

There is nothing more deceptive than a little fragment of morality which an otherwise immoral soul borrows like a peacock feather to strut with.

Real goodness, that which is of any mortal account to oneself or to others is the product of the sum total of all one is, does, says and thinks. It is the flavour of the man, his entire personality. Goodness is the fruit of life, not something to be picked up and worn on the coat.

"Great moral energy," says Herbart, "is the result of broad views, and of whole unbroken masses of thought."

People become what they are called

A SURE trait of human nature, a persistent law of psychology, that men have never quite understood, is that people will become that which you accuse them of being.

People become what they are called

The idea is found in the saying, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him"; the point being that if you steadily call even a dog bad he really grows bad and ought to be hung.

Keep on asserting that your boy is lazy or stupid or disobedient, and by and by he unconsciously becomes so.

When there were laws punishing witches, when clergymen preached against them, there were witches; the poor, ignorant wretches actually thought they did have dealings with the devil. With the disappearance of witch-hunters witches disappeared.

So long as law-breakers are treated as creatures below humanity, to be imbruted in prison and hung, that class of persons will consider themselves as beasts, and act accordingly. Treat them as mistaken human beings, try to reform them and not take vengeance on them, and they will be human beings.

While the moralists called all theatres vile they were usually vile; just as, when parents made children feel that card playing was wicked, the boys played behind the barn and were wicked.

Numberless women have gone wrong simply because the world has set them down as gone wrong. With scarcely an exception all bad women would immediately become decent if they could suddenly become possessed of the thought that everybody considered them to be decent.

Education is what is done by a person, not for him

EDUCATION is not what is done for a person but what is done by him.

It is not the influences brought to bear upon him but the manner of his self-activity.

The whole oak tree is in the acorn, and the whole man is in the child. All that is done to him, around him, to help or hinder him is of value or harm to him according to the degree to which he uses it and incorporates it into his will, words, and works.

We marvel why two children growing side by side in the same family, school, and society, become the one strong and good, the other weak and bad. But it is no greater mystery than why of two plants in the same soil one will transmute muck into white lilies and the other into red roses.

The principal study in the schoolroom should be by the teacher, to learn and guide the child's activities. The chief moral help a child gets in the home is what he is inspired to do; what he is told not to do has little to do with making character.

The system of education that begins with the assumption that all children are alike, to be forced with a common system, and tested by common grades is doomed to sterility. The human being is not a block of wood, nor a bean, nor a horse; he is essentially unclassifiable; he is a miracle and a mystery, a new revelation of God.

The play school

I HAVE had a dream of a school where there was no work at all, there was nothing but play. They had two sets of teachers, one to show the children the best ways of body play, the other to lead them in mind play.

The pupils came to school about nine o'clock in the morning, and immediately entered upon good games, which they continued in the schoolyard until they were tired. These games were scientifically devised to develop their bodies normally.

Then they came into the classrooms and played with their minds. There were no lessons, no tasks, no laborious study to be pursued so many minutes, no recitations to see if they had studied properly.

There were mathematical games, in which the children eagerly found out the laws of arithmetic and algebra, so they could enjoy the fun. There were games that involved history, and reading, and writing. There were science games, in which all sorts of amusing tricks were performed with chemicals, plants, rocks, animals and physical forces; and in which chemistry, botany, geology, zoology, and physics, were smuggled in as a necessity to the sport.

In other words the youths were educated entirely by directing their spontaneous activities, and not by repressing them. They learned, not by the will of the teacher, but by the exercise of their own wills.

The play school

The result was they had acquired a college education before they were fifteen years old.

I know you love me because we can keep silent together

I KNOW now that you love me, for we can be silent together.

This is the last test of love or of friendship. Only when there is the feeling of the blessedness of communion without deeds or words, just by the consciousness of each other's existence, does love come into its perfect rest.

And not only is there no need of talk, there is even no need of effort of any kind. I want to know that you do not feel that you should do anything to please me.

If you do any gracious thing for me, it must be to please yourself, it must be the expression of a natural impulse ; just as you might sing when you are happy. The least grain of purpose, the least suspicion that you are using design, that you are doing something you don't care to do, to make me see you love me, spoils the deed.

You must do nothing but what love prompts.

You must refuse to be anything you are not naturally.

You must not strive to please. You must not strive at all. Just be what you are, do what you please, and if love is perfect between us it will be visible enough.

How poor are all gallantries, wooings, declarations,

sacrifices and vows, compared to this high Silence and Rest of love! This is as real religion compared to ceremonies. It is as when the heart is

I know you love me because we can keep silent together

Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.

In high matters there is no possession

IN high matters there is no such thing as possession.

I may own a cane or a hat, a house, and possibly a dog, but to say that I can own an idea or an emotion is absurd.

If I offer you some of my money, my stock of funds is decreased by as much as you take. But if I offer you some of my knowledge of chemistry, some of my skill in painting, some of my taste in literature, some of my love, or some of my religion, then exactly the opposite result is produced; for I have left more than I had before I gave.

I doubt whether the saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," should be applied to money at all; for in the end I think it makes little difference. But there is no doubt about the fact that the only way to become a millionaire of love is to give it away.

The only way to fill your bins with hope, joy, knowledge, and affection, is to give away all you have.

It is curious how this crazy civilization of getters

In high matters there is no possession

professes to worship the one Man Who despised getting, and gave all He had away, even His life!

Perfection

WHY do we ever use the word "perfect"? Did you ever see a perfect thing, ever hear, smell, or taste one?

When you say "perfect" you are merely speaking of an idea.

There is no perfect flower, tree, horse, or happiness.

A revivalist once asked his congregation if anyone had ever known or heard of a perfect person. "If so," he cried "stand up." There was a dramatic pause. Then an old woman in a poke bonnet arose in the rear of the room.

"Ah, sister!" said the evangelist. "And so you know some one who is perfect."

"No, sir. But I done hearn o' one."

"And who was that?"

"It was my husband's first wife."

Aside from this example of utter perfection there is none on record.

A man once went to John A. Brashear, the famous mechanical expert of Pittsburgh, says Mr. Super, and asked him what it would cost to have a bar of glass made that would be absolutely straight. Brashear reflected awhile and then said he could not make one, but he could come quite near it for two hundred thousand dollars. After a few remarks on absolute accuracy by the renowned mechanician, the

customer concluded that he could get along with a ruler that would be correct to the sixty-fourth of an inch and costing about forty dollars. *Perfection*

HERE are some of the things said by wits upon the inexhaustible subject of love. *Love*

To love is to find pleasure in the happiness of the person loved.—Leibnitz.

Love is I know not what, which comes from I know not where, and which finishes I know not how.—Scudery.

Love is the poetry of the senses.—Balzac.

Love is the selfishness of two persons.—Boufflers.

Love is to be two and only one, a man and a woman that are melted into an angel. It is heaven. —Victor Hugo.

One loves only beautiful women; one adores the ugly ones, when one loves them.—Catulle Mendes.

A man in love, if sincere, is good for nothing, despite all that has been pretended, but to make love.—P. J. Stahl.

We are nearer to loving those we hate than those who love us more than we wish.—La Rochefoucauld.

Love cannot see defects; friendship loves them.—Carmen Sylva.

The love which is born suddenly takes longest to heal.—La Bruyère.

Love is the sweetest of moralists.—Bacon.

Love

In all creatures love is born of proximity.—The Rāmāyana of Valmik.

Love is the architect of the universe.—Aristotle.

In some, love comes from the body into the soul, in others from the soul into the body.—Tommaseo.

The mystery of man and woman—I

IN man love is pure emotion ; in woman love is a higher order of mentality.

The instinct of the world is right in placing the blame for the failure of marriage usually upon the wife. For a man in love is a sort of wild idiot. The deeper he gets in love the more irresponsible and crazy he becomes ; while the more a woman loves the wiser she is.

Love seems too strong a liquor for a man, and a little of it appears to be all he can stand. A woman, on the contrary, like some old topers, grows shrewder, keener eyed and clearer headed the more she feels.

Hence in most couples who are very loving it is the wife who rules. As they become more and more cool the authority of the husband rises.

Further, the more that love is physical merely, the more the man controls the woman, and she looks up to him ; and the more spiritual and intellectual love becomes, the more the woman is in the ascendancy. This is why the wife is so free and potent in America ; woman is most idealized here.

Love, to a man, is a mystery ; he can only be

happy in a blundering, wondering way; but a woman, the more she loves, the more she knows what she is about.

The mystery of man and woman—I

THE real head of the house is the woman.

Man has been called the ruler simply because he is bigger and stronger. As well call a horse the ruler of his driver!

The mystery of man and woman—II

I have noticed in France, which is a wise country, a woman always keeps the books and the cash-box in every shop, even in every restaurant and drinking place.

Certain popular notions are untrue. One of these is that woman has no business ability.

Exactly the contrary is true. The average man fails in business. Nay, they say that for every successful grocer or lawyer there are ten failures.

Whereas, the average woman has a brain just suited for affairs. The woman is strictly business.

The incompetent, empty-headed women you know are so merely because of their training; they have always been kept in restraint and ignorance.

But women are slowly but surely invading the business world; particularly as to detail work.

A woman is distinctly superior to man in managing an office, attending to routine, and keeping affairs in shipshape.

Man is the adventurer. He does big things, plays

The mystery of man and woman—II

havoc, succeeds, fails and all that. A woman manages.

The mystery of man and woman—III

THE woman is practical. The man is the idealist.

The business, for instance, in which the ideal most predominates, almost to the total exclusion of practicality, is gambling ; and there are few female gamblers. To be sure there are some women at the tables at Monte Carlo, just as there are some women who smoke and swear, but the number will never be great.

There has never been a first-rank woman poet.

On the contrary, women are writing more and more nowadays, because present-day literature is least ideal. It is man who is the dreamer.

The woman is the incarnation of common sense.

Man is the builder. Woman is the keeper.

Man is the pioneer, he pushes ever to the edges of all things. Woman makes cities. It is she who concentres population.

The ideal monarch is female. Victoria was one of the greatest, because she sat still and held on ; for the duty of a monarch is to keep things as they are, to prevent change.

The mystery of man and woman—IV

WOMAN is conservative, man progressive. Women ought to do the banking of the world. They are less inclined to risk than men.

The mystery of man and woman—IV

They love institutions. They ought to have charge of all endowed affairs, such as libraries, hospitals, and colleges. When a thing is to be kept up, kept going, and kept efficient, a woman is more qualified for the business than a man.

A woman is for the established order, whatever it may be.

Hence she is a better, because a bitterer, partisan. There are no democrats, republicans and prohibitionists so fierce and unbending as the women of these parties. During the Civil War there were no rebels so determined as the women rebels.

This is why women are supposed to be more religious than men. It is because for centuries religion has been confounded with institutionalism, and to be religious meant to stand by the existing order.

As a matter of fact the masculine nature is the more religious. The great spiritual leaders of the world have been men. Woman is a better partisan of the Church.

The mystery of man and woman—V

EVERY woman sells herself; and the price of the good woman is the redemption of the world.

The strongest and most persistent feeling in the race is sex-attraction, because that is Nature's will for the perpetuation of the race. A falling off of that emotion would mean the suicide of mankind.

The mystery of man and woman—V

Sex feeling therefore, instead of being low and "having always somewhat of sin in it," is the very life-principle of humanity.

Of this feeling woman is the controller and guardian.

She stands with the keys in her hand, the keeper of life.

My meaning is expressed in those lines Ruskin quotes from Coventry Patmore :

O wasteful woman ! she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How she has cheapened paradise !
How sold for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective, thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine !

The mystery of man and woman—VI

NEVER was a truer saying than that the fundamental reform is the reform of marriage. Naturally, the very first duty of the race is to see that its new-born are well born. Hence no science is so important as Eugenics.

But it is difficult to come at, because we are dealing with the one force most full of fire, power, and danger.

Yet surely, if men have trained the lightning to carry their messages and trail their cars, and

manipulated poisons into medicines, there must be a way to subdue this primal dynamic of procreation to intelligence. *The mystery of man and woman—VI*

The matter, however, can never be arranged as purely physical. It is bound up with all the higher functionings of the human spirit. You cannot regulate human beings as cattle.

Two things must be preserved, romantic affection and family life. These are the two best products of civilization; to brush them aside by any socialistic or merely physiological or speciously logical scheme will never do.

Perhaps it is only by the general improvement and refining of society, and by better property laws, particularly by the abolition of property inheritance, that the solution will be found.

ONE of the most suspicious of human documents is the confession. *Confessions untrustworthy*

A man's evidence for or against himself is not trustworthy, for the reason that self is the very person he knows least.

In the good old days old women confessed themselves to be witches, and gave detailed accounts of their bargains with the devil. Everybody believed them, they believed themselves, and we very well know there was not a word of truth in their testimony.

Most confessions are due to mental suggestion. When the young criminal owns up that his down-

Confessions untrustworthy

fall was due to reading penny dreadfuls, he is simply repeating a theory he has heard. When the man says "All I am I owe to my mother," that is also a fine phrase he has heard. How does he know to whom he owes what he is?

I am impressed by the untruthfulness of Rousseau's "Confessions." He was obsessed by a mania of self-accusation. He did not know how good he was.

A confession is no more than a point of view, the expression of a mood.

It is the interpretation of a soul by itself, and a soul understands itself as little as it understands the universe.

The law is that no man is compelled to give evidence incriminating himself. The truth is that he is altogether an incompetent witness for or against himself.

The gift of pain

THE power to feel intensely is the most exquisite of all gifts.

If you suffer far more than others, if the slight that is turned off by another with a laugh rankles and festers in you, if a humiliation can sing all night in your tortured brain, if the memory of a wrong is a sword, and the fear of love repelled is a flame to you, why, do not pity yourself!

You are as far above the dull and contented whom no arrows of scorn can pierce, as a brook-trout is above a jelly-fish.

The gift of pain

Capacity to suffer is simply capacity to live.
Life's size is measured by the gamut of the heart.
Keep true and keep sane, adjust yourself as best you may to your time and place, and above all search out those forms of subtler bliss that the less sensitive cannot understand; so you will find your pain-power to be life-power, your personality will widen and be enriched, until you become, what mere stupid negative morality and conventional goodness can never become—great.
For the best of life is—to live. And to live, in its fullest sense, means to suffer.

Do things for yourself

THE most essential part of the education of a human being is to learn to do things for himself.
The beginnings of character consist in the disposition and ability to wait on oneself.
This is also the essence of democracy.
It is also the gist of the religion of Jesus.
The first symptom of the downfall of the soul is the feeling of a necessity of being waited upon.
The child who has formed the habit of picking up his scattered toys, cleaning his own floor, making his own bed, emptying his own slops, washing his own plate, and polishing his own boots, is already half-cured of the original sin of the race.
For the original sin is the desire to rule.
The original virtue is the wish to serve.

Do things for yourself

People do not understand the real inwardness of the "temptation in the wilderness." When the devil took Jesus up to a high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, he was appealing to the wickedest thing in human nature, that which has caused most of its unhappiness, the lust of ruling. No man ever had that wish gratified except in proportion as he fell down and worshipped the devil. The Saviour of the world came to serve it, not to rule it. And so does every good man.

Why cities are ugly

THE ugliness of modern cities is due to the ugliness of the principles of the society that builds them.

They are fit enough expressions of the spirit of competition, which is the Mr. Hyde in the soul of modern business.

Competition is fighting, and that was never anything but ugly.

It is co-operation that is beautiful. It is only when we learn team-work that we cease to get in each other's way, to gore, stumble, and trample.

And we shall have to wait until we learn how to trust one another and work together, until we master the secret of social organization, until we learn how to save all the waste humanity as we now save all the waste hog, until we find a place for the weak as well as for the strong, until we feel the city, the country, the race, as we now feel the family and

the business house, we shall have to wait till then to build cities that shall be vast, divine, splendid housings for the activities of mankind. *Why cities are ugly*

ONE thing certain, our children will not live in the wretched cities we build for them; at least our children's children will not. *The cities of our children's children*

We are erecting huge barracks with no end but gain, skyscrapers to make money in, and flat-buildings to sleep in and get a quick lunch in, between times.

Our children's children will want, what we think is hardly worth while—to live.

They will not only want suburban homes and country houses of beauty, but they will want to transact business under conditions of beauty.

They will realize that the huge aggregation called the city has even more possibilities for majestic architecture, inspiring vistas, and the glorious team-play of the building instinct of the race, than ever had any Norman castle or mediæval monastery.

And they will take down all our hideous steel boxes, and build, build, and carve and adorn for the glory of the human soul, and the majesty of work.

IF you want to produce a good work of art you have only to tell the truth. *The truth in art versus the truth in science*

And the matter is simpler than you would suppose. For the truth you are to tell is not the truth about

The truth in art versus the truth in science

the object you depict, which probably neither you nor any man can ever know, but the truth about the impression it makes on you.

To find out the truth about a tree, for instance, to examine, analyse and know it through and through, is science, not art. Art is to reproduce truthfully the effect the tree makes on you.

You may make but an irregular blotch as a tree-picture which may be vastly more true, in art, than a photograph.

So in literature the point is to tell exactly what you feel, so as to awaken the same impressions in the reader.

Often this is done in the fewest words. Here lies the supremacy of Wordsworth. Take those two lines :

But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me !

How consummately these simple words depict the emotion !

Science is the truth about objects. Art is the truth about yourself.

Alienation

THE miracle of love is worthy of all our wonder. When man and maid meet, and suddenly some psychic current crashes upon the nervous system, their blood leaps, a paralysis sweet to pain ties their tongues ; they cannot take their eyes from

one another's face; and they are as two spiritual Leyden jars, coming together and releasing a strange dynamic; that is one of the marvels eternally new and amazing. *Alienation*

But there is another fact, tragic and terrible, equally shattering. It is disillusion.

When two who have shared the dearest intimacy, who have been fused by love into a single personality with one mind, one joy, one life, begin to separate, misunderstand, suspect, and little by little, or suddenly, are riven apart, and love, which was life, becomes but an episode; than this I can conceive nothing more appalling.

To preserve love, no pains, no self-denial, no sacrifice is too great, except that love itself has become a degradation. No haunted house is so frightful as the heart haunted by the ghost of a dead love. No emptiness is so lonely as the emptiness of a life whence love is fled. "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," provided we lose by death, for death alone can nobly part lovers; but when the loss is by alienation, then "the last state of that man is worse than the first."

THERE are those who are willing enough to admit democracy in politics, but whose notion of the intellectual life is one of rigid caste. *Intellectual snobbery*

There are intellectual snobs.

They look upon a cultured person as a distinct order

Intellectual snobbery

of creation from the unlettered; just as in certain countries a duke is considered to be of wholly different clay from that of a day-labourer.

There are scientists with an unveiled contempt for any idea of an untrained mind, college men who seem to imagine that one who has not taken a degree in mathematics and Latin has no right to think at all, artists who sneer at common tastes, and literary gentlefolk who conceive the unlibraried mind to be wholly negligible.

Now, when a really great man comes along it is noticeable that he turns to the common people; he passes by the experts and appeals to the vulgar crowd. Socrates conversed with the harness-maker and the courtesan as willingly as with the sophist. Jesus ignored the scholars and directed his message to fishermen. Lincoln preferred the judgment of the people to that of the statesmen.

For wisdom, in the end, is not tested by the arts of the learned, but by the instincts of men. The farmer and the blacksmith are quite as apt to be sound and clear upon the great issues of life and destiny as the college professor.

The principle of democracy is as true in thought as in action.

Could snobbery go farther than the remark in Stuart Mill's autobiography, that "a person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society unless he can enter it as an apostle"?

Hopeless love

THERE is a class of worldly-wise folk who affect to ridicule the pangs of hopeless love. It's nothing, it's a youthful malady, they say, and he'll get over it. I had it once—or twice. "Men have died, and worms have eaten them; but not for love."

But for all that, it remains true that the bitterest of tragedies is where love is thwarted, where the finest, most generous human impulse comes against an impassable barrier.

It is a picture of the old problem in physics: "What would happen if an irresistible force comes in contact with an immovable obstruction?"

The fact is, too, that the nobler and more honourable the person the more suffering ensues. The purer and more loyal the heart, the more agonizing the heart-break.

Some talk as if lovers were to blame, as if love were a thing to be whistled up or casually dismissed at will. They do not know the human heart. Love is something that sweeps down upon us from the blue. We can resist it, smother it, and flee from it, but we cannot control its coming or going. It remains the superhuman fact of our humanity.

Our civilization, with its reforms, philosophies, and religions, has solved and is solving, many questions, but it has not yet touched the most vital problem of society and of the individual: What shall we do with romantic affection?

Friends of the soul

EVERYTHING has a message to the soul. Every tree, star and stone, every porch-pillar and vined wall is trying to say something to us.

It is pathetic to see how the soul walks among all these clamant voices, lonely, hearing nothing.

I will give you the real definition of poetry. It is that faculty by which we hear voiceless things, and read the thought and feeling of languageless things.

There are many books of rhymes and jingle without a line of real poetry. And there are people who never have committed one metrical crime who actually live in poetry.

The test is, do inanimate things communicate with me in any way? We may not be able to tell what they say. Perhaps all we can do is to state our inability to tell, as Tennyson's

Break, break, break!
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

But that is poetry, of the very highest, subtlest type.

How much richer and wider and less lonesome our lives would be if we could learn how to make friends with some star, as in Dicken's Child's Dream of a Star, or with some plant, as in the classic tale of La Picciola. Let us visit often the lake, the ocean, the birds, until we begin to understand

them, and let us make friends with the sun and moon, as did St. Francis. *Friends of the soul*

"Nature," said Plato, "is simply an enigmatic poet."

LYING abed the other night I heard Voices through the Wall. Some persons in the next room were talking. I caught only the sound, and could not get any least word they said. As I lay and listened to the dulled murmur, the low-booming sound, out of which the plaster and wall-paper of the partition had strained all meaning, it seemed to me that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. *Voices through the wall*

How little we know of what is really going on in hearts around us! They speak to us, smile at us, weep before us, yet the vital, living, vivid tragedy or comedy that is theirs, somehow only bits of it sift over to us. Once I passed a woman weeping as she walked the street. Again, going by a restaurant I heard loud shrieks of laughter within. Returning home one Sunday I heard a congregation in a strange church singing. I have been startled by quick, successive revolver shots in the night, under my window. In all these, Destiny was sweeping by, I had but known the echoes of what to others were blazing actualities. I wonder, too, if these messages we get from Nature, messages the poets feel so keenly—Words-

Voices through the wall

worth, for instance, who speaks of the soft blue sky melting into the heart—I wonder if it is not the Voice of Spirits akin to ours, perhaps angels, perhaps the Blessed Dead, perhaps God, heard through the Wall. Did Browning mean this ?

What I call God,
And fools call Nature.

How do you digest the world ?

WITHIN certain limits what one eats makes little difference. What makes the difference is one's power to digest one's food and turn it into muscle and brain. Upton Sinclair upon nuts and fruit and Charles Dickens upon beef and ale, both make intellectual product.

It is the same with the soul and circumstance. It is of small matter to my real life and soul sinew whether I am seated on a throne or a weaver's bench, whether I am handed praise or blame, whether I find success or failure. The sole matter of import is, into what do I assimilate these objects of soul food ?

A hog can transform refuse matter into better meat than a horse can give us, though fed clean oats. Oysters and chickens are scavengers and become table dainties.

In training the character of youth it ought to be more desired to form in them a sound and hearty moral digestion, a rugged power of moral assimila-

tion, than constantly to putter about their environment.

How do you digest the world?

In that wonderful book, "De Profundis," which Oscar Wilde wrote in prison, he says, "The plank bed, the loathsome food, the silence, the solitude, the shame—each and all of these things I have to transform into a spiritual experience. There is not a single degradation of the body which I must not try and make into a spiritualizing of the soul."

The pleasure of uncertainty

"THERE goes a man," said a physician once to me, "who is under sentence of death."

"What do you mean?"

"He is in the secondary stages of a disease for which there is no known cure. He is as sure to be dead, or to lose his mind, which amounts to the same thing, as far as the victim himself is concerned, and one of these calamities is as bound to occur within six months, as the sun is certain to rise to-morrow."

"Yet he seems cheerful. Why?"

"Because he does not know it."

There you have the secret of contentment. For you and I and every man are under sentence of death, as well as those marked by a mortal malady, or sentenced by court-criminal or court-martial.

The year, day and hour for our extinction is fixed. Every sunset, every clock stroke, brings mechani-

The pleasure of uncertainty

cally nearer the drop. And we know it. And we are cheerful. Why?

Simply because we do not know the date!

If we knew that it would deaden our days and darken our minds. Just one fact of the future, if its time of happening were revealed to us, would paralyze life.

And so you see the falseness of another common notion, that the uncertainty of life is a bad thing. On the contrary the uncertainty of life is its chiefest charm.

Heaven, which prescribes death, gives us death's antidote, which is ignorance of death's time. The sentenced world laughs and plays, drinks deep of dear human love, is busy with great business—in fact, the whole human comedy is interesting, amusing and worth while, just because the time of the curtain fall is concealed.

The teacher

THE one spot where I should most like to go and sit, could we by some miracle visit the loved places of the past, would be the shop of Verrocchio, he of the "true eye," in Florence.

He not only "won a place among the rare and excellent artists," as Vasari says of him, but he was one of those inquisitive minds, satisfied with no less than knowing a little of everything.

The wonderful element in the man, however, that

which draws me to seek his shop and linger in his presence, was that he was a natural born Teacher. *The teacher*

I reckon teaching the very highest of human gifts. That rare power of electrifying others with your own enthusiasms, of kindling in other souls your own fires, this has been possessed by but few.

What a goldsmith's shop that was of Verrocchio's! Think of the boys there! It cannot be merely a coincidence that so many great doers issued from Verrocchio's apprenticeship. There were that universal genius Leonardo da Vinci, the great Perugino, Francesco di Simone, Agnolo di Polo, maker of marvels in clay, and Lorenzo di Credi, the master's favourite.

The master was continually poking about, trying new things. He was the first to mould in plaster, and it was he who brought the death-mask into vogue. He not only painted and sculptured, wrought beautiful things in gold, carved wood, and did such usual things, but he made images in wax, and shared the Della Robbia secret of glazing clay; and he also was a musician, and studied "science and geometry."

But, best of all, there burnt in him that same sort of flame that was in Jesus, in Socrates, in Arnold of Rugby, and in Mark Hopkins; he was an inspirer of Men, he kneaded Souls.

When I get to Heaven I must see Andrea Verrocchio, and sit under a tree with him a hundred years. The

The teacher

only true education is knowing great souls, and loving them.

The glass house

PROBABLY the oldest art is that of house building; yet after generations of experience, and myriads of experiments, we have made but little progress.

The city flat ought to be the ideal residence for human beings. By every law of evolution, and the growth of efficiency, it should be the best possible arrangement for comfort. But, on the contrary, it is appalling in its slavery to old ideas.

For the city flat is merely the old baronial castle, or English country house, contracted. We also must have our reception room, parlour, sitting-room, bedroom and kitchen, even if they be each but six feet square. We live in chambers adapted to what others are supposed to think we need, rather than to what we really want. Convention outweighs convenience, and inherited ideas practical efficiency.

In the average dwelling house, the thing that impresses the radical mind is the waste space, the space devoted to the occasional visitor, to "company," and the lack of roominess in the family quarters.

Why is it that with a few feet of floor space, we must needs chop it up into little kennels?

About the most radical modern structure is the

office building: there no hereditary idea exists to smother intelligence. *The glass house*

The residence and the flat building of the future, when the ghost hands let go of us, will be mostly glass with steel and cement enough to hold it.

The proper housing of a human being is glass, because it is the nearest thing to being out of doors.

WHAT is a Friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, to appear to be nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, express what you feel. He is shocked at nothing, offended at nothing, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies and hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved in the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse him, neglect him, berate him. Best *The definition of a friend*

The definition of a friend

of all you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire, that purifies all you do. He is like water, that cleanses all you say. He is like wine that warms you to the bone. He understands, he understands, he understands. You can weep with him, laugh with him, sin with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves—you. A Friend, I repeat, is the one with whom you dare to be yourself.

Prayers

IF a man who has lost touch entirely with churches, who has formed his life with interests that entirely exclude the religious feeling, who feels that there are insuperable obstacles, mental and instinctive, to his entering into the current of conventional religious ideas and ways, if such a man would go out into the woods and pray, it would do him good.

If he could brush aside all he has ever heard or been taught about God, and if he could approach the God-idea anew, naïvely, merely striving to lift his spirit into communion with the infinite Spirit, he would get something that would definitely enrich his life.

Most of our aversion to the God-idea arises from the mass of tradition that has been connected with it. I doubt if the accumulated religious experience, the study and practice of spirituality in the past, is of much real value. What value it has lies in what it has contributed to our subconscious growth.

Prayers

Just as modern science has to discard practically all the alleged facts of science previous to a hundred years ago or so and approach the laws of the universe originally ; so modern devotion needs, while it is a growth from the past, to put away nearly all the past, and begin over again.

True morality

IN judging yourself be careful to give yourself no credit at all for such morality as is merely conformity. Whatever you do to avoid the blame or win the approval of others is not righteousness at all. Conformity is generally useful, it is often very valuable and wisely chosen, but it is purely a matter of self-interest. You deserve no reward for it. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye have your reward."

The only kind of goodness you should feel proud of is obedience to your own instincts, conscience, and reason. Public opinion, the judgments of your circle, of society, of the Church, or of any group of persons, is not the voice of God. They are the voice of "this world," and you should think twice before heeding.

The real voice of God is that "still, small voice" within your bosom. It is your own censure that should make you quake. It is before that hidden judge in your own heart that you should walk softly, with fear and trembling. It is the scornful

True morality

laughter of your own soul that should crush you with shame.

You cannot escape your own judgment. No institution or system can relieve you of responsibility. It is the Ten Commandments that thunder from your own inner Sinai that are terrible. The only witness for or against you on the day of judgment will be yourself.

True morality is self-obedience. True immorality is self-desertion.

Autograph habits

NOT only does a man's handwriting characterize him ; each one has his peculiar gestures, mannerisms that are as unmistakably his own as are his thumb-nails or his Bertillon measurements.

A Scotland Yard detective told me that he recognized a man almost entirely by "his walk and the way he handles himself," and depended very little upon facial appearance. A criminal can change his clothes, beard and even his countenance and speech simply enough, but will forget that little hacking cough, or his peculiar manner of sprawling in his chair, or the way he has of running his fingers through his hair.

An observing friend coming from the House of Commons regaled us with the following autograph habits of its leaders : Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, writhes and wriggles his shoulders ; Mr. Bonar Law, the Opposition leader, has a face as

immobile as a poker player, but incessantly moves his hands, as if he didn't know what to do with them; Mr. Lloyd George has a pet phrase he keeps bringing in, "Well, now"; Mr. Winston Churchill has a trick of covering his mouth with his hand; Mr. McKenna bangs the desk during his speech as if beating a drum; when Mr. Birrell is at a loss for a word he snaps his fingers; and so each of us, great and small, has his betraying sign. *Autograph habits*

INTIMACY is a fiction. *Intimacy*

Speak up honestly, and say if there be anyone with whom you can be unreservedly frank.

Isn't it rather true that there are layers or strata of intimacy; that is to say, you can be open with a person upon certain subjects but not upon others? In fact the more perfectly you become acquainted with a man the more you discover subjects upon which it is of no use to talk to him; there are reserves of opinion and of sentiment in him that are sensitive, and you dare not touch.

There are many things about which a wife will not talk with her husband after living with him for twenty years; yet she will meet a comparative stranger, let us say some sympathetic woman, and unburden her heart.

There are some friends with whom you dare not mention religion; with others politics is taboo; there are others to whom you cannot joke, and so on.

Intimacy

Where is the wide-minded friend with whom you dare to be as bad as you are and as good as you are?

Non-resistance the consciousness of power

THIS silly world, and the silliest of the silly sometimes write learned articles in reviews, seems never to have caught the idea that was in Jesus' mind when he commanded to turn the other cheek, and to pursue as a rule the policy of non-resistance, and of abstinence from revenge. I have just read a contribution in the "North American Review," in which some philosopher argues that this policy means weakness. A whole coterie of thinkers apparently imagine this central principle of Jesus to be merely a slave-spirit.

The trouble is their short reach. They cannot grasp so high nobility. For as a matter of fact Jesus' kind of man refuses to revenge himself, not because he is afraid, timid or weak, but because he does not think it worth while. Knowing no one can really degrade him except himself, he is indifferent to what others do to him. That is why he turns the other cheek. It is really a "cheeky" act, of supreme scorn, as if to say, "What you can do to me makes no matter." Singularly, I find in Nietzsche an appreciation of this. He says:

"We might conceive of a consciousness of power so far advanced as to permit the noblest of all luxuries —to let the wrongdoer go unpunished. Justice

ends, like all good things on earth, by abrogating itself. This self-abrogation of justice—mercy—is the privilege of the mightiest one."

Non-resistance the consciousness of power

There are still those who cannot understand the "consciousness of power."

Man not yet created

MAN is not yet created.

We are now only in the stew and hubbub of the making. If you go into the kitchen when the cooks are getting ready a great feast you will find yourself in the midst of confusion and litter; out of this shall come the splendid banquet, with browned fowl, offset by snowy napery and gleaming silver, all order and courtesy, fringed with laughter. If you have known the statesman only when he was at the age of fifteen you will find it hard to believe his poise and power.

A plague on you! Wait!

It will take us a thousand years perhaps to breed that perfect man, that high type of woman. Our cities are all temporary; wait till we tear them down and rebuild. Our continent landscape gardening has hardly commenced. Our science is just learning to walk. Our religion is still lisping and has not learned to speak.

Don't hurry us. We move slow. Come back in a century or so and we'll show you something.

No nation is fit to govern another

WE say of such and such a nation that it is not fit to govern itself.

The truth is that no nation is fit to govern another. It is very probable that no people is competent for self government ; but the rub comes when you seek for any other people who are able to govern it.

Of course the reader's mind calls up at once the cases of English rule in India and Egypt and the beneficent protection of America in the Philippines ; but, really, all these conditions are too young yet to prove anything. Look back over history. Can you find where one people did any permanent good to another by ruling it ? They may have helped along by exterminating it, but I know of no instance of permanent good coming from the dominance of an alien race.

Rome's glory of mastery was her undoing. If the Romans had stayed at home and cultivated Italy they might have accomplished more. It is the *ignis fatuus* of conquest that is the suicide of nations. Great Britain's strength lies in her colonizing power. China and Japan will work out vastly better results for the human race if they are left to their own growth than they ever could accomplish under the guidance of some German scientist, English statesman, or American banker.

The eternal feminine

THE progress of the human race will tend as a rule to unite all humanity, to make level and uniform all people.

Eventually, beyond a doubt, all races will be absorbed into one; nationalities will disappear in the one universal republic; there will be no more negro, yellow, nor white men, but a composite type.

There is one difference, however, that will widen and not lessen, and that is the difference in sexes.

The present movement is to give women equal rights politically and legally with man. When that is accomplished, as it certainly will be in time, the effect will not be to masculinize women, but quite the contrary.

The sex instinct is one of the deepest of instincts, and in the end the instincts triumph.

The woman of the twenty-ninth century will be more womanly than the woman of the nineteenth century, and the man more masculine. For when all artificial attempts have ceased, when we leave off trying to feminize women by law, and when we shall have established conditions of free and unhampered growth, human nature will right itself, and the "eternal feminine" will still lead us on.

"As thyself"

"THOU shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Did it ever occur to you then that the whole worthiness of your life depends upon the way in which you love yourself? It is manifestly

"As thyself"

impossible to love your neighbour nobly unless you love yourself nobly.

The whole gist of superior living lies in superior self-love. You cannot respect humanity unless you respect yourself. You cannot love your wife unless there is in your own heart a secret beauty that enchants you. You cannot love your child unless there be in your soul some mirror that reflects his innocence and charm. You cannot be faithful to a friend unless you have in you a fountain of faithfulness. And you cannot even love God, in any helpful way, if there be no glow of divinity which you recognize in yourself.

The best part of my love which I bear to those I love the most is the consciousness that I am capable of a great love, that in me is a high and noble something that responds to love, as a harp responds to the musician's touch.

What amazes, awes, and almost frightens me, is not the evil but the good of which I am capable.

Life to be done over and over

"WE are always beginning again to live (Nous recommencons toujours à vivre)" wrote Montaigne.

Who does not feel this? To-day has never been quite satisfactory. We bungled things here, and overdid matters there, and altogether the whole day was but a trial sketch, an outline and attempt at life merely. To-morrow we shall do better.

Life to be done over and over

And to-morrow in our faulty hands turns into another imperfect to-day.

Life is not a long thing measured by years; it is a short thing only a day long.

Every day we try to make of it something worth while. Then at night we go back into death again to gain force for another effort.

So we keep doing it over and over, as the lens-maker polishes his glass with infinite rubs of his thumb.

A man is a fool to say it is all over. No man is ruined, so long as he has another day to try it again. Every day is a birthday, and every sunset is a day of judgment.

Dead books

ONE day I climbed the hill near Subiaco, which is in the mountains of Italy, not remote from Rome. There I visited an old monastery and a brother showed me the library, wherein I was allowed to browse as long as I pleased. There were hundreds of books, beautifully bound in vellum, many of them written by hand upon parchment.

I came away rather sad. I had dug into many books. They must have been written at great pains by men under serious impulses. Lives had been poured into those books. And now while the volumes themselves would be priceless for a collector, the ideas in them were as dry and useless as the dead leaves in the monastery courtyard.

Dead books

The subjects discussed interest nobody any more. Even the manner of reasoning is entirely worthless. Not a living soul, except an antiquary, if such have living souls, would read one of the books through. I wonder if, ten centuries from now, the books which to-day thrill us will seem as wormy and tomb-like. Dead men impress one with the brevity of life; how much more dead books!

Vibrations

IT would seem that in time everything will be reduced to vibrations.

All the tonal quality of your friend's voice is merely a matter of altering vibrations. You can get all his personality through the trembling needle of the phonograph or the diaphragm of the telephone.

The sounds of the organ, piano, harp, horn, waterfall, trolley car, and railroad train, respectively, are only matters of vibrating the ear drum this or that way.

Light is another form of vibration, of so great frequency that the ear cannot catch it, only the eye.

Heat is merely vibration. The feel of velvet, wood, stone, metal, wool and so on, are no more nor less than variant vibrations.

So are flavours and odours. So are electricity, radio-activity, and every physical and chemical potency.

And shall we go on, and say that thought and

emotion, love, conscience, and all such spiritual things are also but vibrations, sensed by finer organs than the eye and ear? *Vibrations*

Is life itself but a vibration, and death its stilling?

Is the universe but the song of the atoms?

THE trouble is not our inability to know what is right, to see and understand it, but our inability to love it. *Immorality is love impotence*

Always, anywhere, the failure of life is its incapacity to love.

We say marriage without love is a tragedy; but so it is also with anything else. Science without love is drudgery. Work without love is galling. Play without love is listless. Talk without love is vapid. Religion without love is gloomy. In a word, life without love is no life at all, but walking death.

And nowhere is this truer than in morals. To teach rules of conduct is not nearly so important as it seems; what the youth needs is to have awakened in him a love for right conduct.

The person who wants to do right is safe, he has the root of the matter in him, he cannot go far wrong. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

The person who knows what is right may be a most consummate villain. The thief and liar understand what is good and what is evil as well as the

Immorality is love impotence

priest. The difficulty is that they are incompetent to love the right.

He who confessed he saw the good but pursued the evil, followed logically with the exclamation, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" For that condition is really but death, in which one is impotent to love the good.

Man, says Victor Hugo, is a point that flies with two wings; one is thought, the other is love.

L'homme est un point qui vole avec deux ailes,
Dont l'une est la pensée et dont l'autre est l'amour.

Behind one's back

I NEVER could join in the prayer of Burns,

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!

On the contrary I thank heaven I do not know what my friends say of me behind my back.

For I am sure they discuss me with a frankness I do not care to hear.

The idea that we should say nothing of a man when he is absent that we would not say to his face, is preposterous.

If we said to him what we say about him it would be death to all politeness and probably to all friendship; and if we said about him only such things as

we say to him it would cut the heart out of our most interesting and piquant conversation. *Behind one's back*

And it works both ways, for we can say much rather things to one's face than we would say to his back. For instance, if we assure our friend that he is a colossal liar and an old humbug, all the while sitting at the table with him and eating radishes, he will probably laugh; but if we should publish the same remark about him in the paper there would be trouble.

One half of the meaning and spiritual contents of what you say is composed of the audience to whom you intend to say it.

Did you ever notice how different a person's, a lecturer's or a writer's talk with you is from his public utterances?

IT is the things half-seen that are the charm of thought. *Beyond*

"To name a thing," says Remy de Gourcourt, "is to take away three-quarters of the enjoyment of your poem, where the delight consists in guessing little by little the meaning; to suggest, that is the dream."

It is not the tune but the overtones of a book or of a song that sound in the heart.

The genius is not the writer who gives us images, but the one that sets us off to creating our own images.

Beyond

It is not the choice and concinnity of your words to me; it is that mystery of echo and flavour they carry that profits me.

The inextinguishable thirst of the soul is the thirst for the Infinite. We can no more live without the droppings from its mystery than we can live without rain from the clouds.

Such as Poe, too, has his mission, for he takes us "into the starry meadows beyond Orion, where, for pansies and violets and heartsease, are the beds of the triplicate and triple-tinted suns."

The long days of youth

I WOULD give a good deal for one of those long, slow days of youth.

When the clock of human life begins going, it is at first very slow, and the ticks very far apart, so far that we forget the last one when the next comes; but toward the end the pendulum fairly trots, and days and nights go spinning by.

When we were boys, an afternoon's picnic was a great historical episode. We came home tired, with a sense of years spent in the woods.

When we look forward to life it is so long, long! When we look back it is so short!

From the standpoint of fourteen how wide apart are the milestones of life, college, marriage, children, business. From the standpoint of fifty they seem all jumbled together.

The long days of youth

When old folks go to bed it seems but a brief and negligible time since last night.

When the child goes to bed last night seems in the dim past, and to-morrow night far in the future.

His own fault

"I AM not sorry for him one bit; it was all his own fault," sometimes you hear.

If there was ever a more foolish, unjust and irrational remark, I don't know what it is.

For a man who is suffering for his own fault has a double burden; he has the self-contempt for his wrongdoing added to the painful consequences of it.

While the man who is suffering for the fault of some one else at least has the comfort of a clean conscience.

The sorrow that comes from no error or wrong on our part we may bear with some nobility; but when to that is joined the sense of our own blame our condition is pitiable.

If a woman has gone wrong by her own will, the more to be sympathized with is she, and to be helped.

If a man's own folly has brought him to a bitter pass, the more he needs the rallying loyalty of his friends, for fear despair may add its poison to his grief, and self-loathing complete the ruin begun by what was perhaps but a moment of weakness.

The slow pace of the world

YOU often hear it said we are on the verge of some sort of revolution. Change is in the air. The government is about to be destroyed ; society is to be reorganized ; this, that, and the other thing are soon to happen and humanity is to be radically altered.

The socialist, scientist, religionist, and politico-economist, all have in them a strain of the Millenarians, who used to expect the world to be about to come to an end at 5 A.M. May 26.

Really, however, the world moves slowly. People are very much the same now as they were in Xenophon's time ; at least we are very much more like the people who lived then than we are unlike them.

We love, marry, have families, quarrel and make up, work and play, eat asparagus and apples and boil eggs, just as they did. All the shattering reforms of history and revolutions of history have not changed folks much.

The fact is that the race changes only by evolution, which is slow as a glacier.

We think and dream and talk of mighty changes, but go on raising hay and courting the girls just as did the subjects of King Solomon, who said, "There is nothing new under the sun."

"The pace of the world is slow," says Anatole France. "Man has the genius for imitation. He invents with difficulty."

Veils

WHY does the bride wear a veil?
It is because the veil is symbol of that which is the most beautiful, the most sacred and the most inspiring thing in life, which is mystery.
The sky would not be the wondrous spectacle it is, if it did not often draw the curtain of cloud before its face, or sheath its splendour in robes of rain.
Nude figures are all well enough in painting and sculpture, but daily life among nude people would be intolerable, for we could no more respect bare humanity than we could continue to worship a God made of stone and set up in the street.
Wonder and worship will not live in the sun. Fairies and elves will come and dance only in the shimmery moonlight. Our subtlest joys are half brothers to our great fears, and live in dark places.
Life is dear to us, not for what we find in it, but for what it never gives us.
The deepest pleasure of the soul is not in that which is, but in that which may be.
Strip the dreams from life and you have robbed it of its best part; you have taken away its veil.
The bridal veil of life is death. It is thrown over our loved and lost; so they become our inspiration.

Claustral souls

THE ordinary person is shocked to think of a young healthy girl entering a convent. We regard the vast monasteries and conventual institutions of the Middle Ages as unnatural. Protestants

Claustral souls

make a virtue of indignation at the celibacies of Roman Catholicism.

And yet two things ought to be borne in mind. First, that no custom could possibly live centuries without having some basis in human nature. We may be sure, on general principles, that, in the main, men and women have chosen celibacy because they wished.

There are claustral souls by nature. Particularly among women there are those who are born without a taste for marriage. In addition to those who do not marry because they cannot find the right man, there are those who want no man at all.

Every age has its order of virgins. There were chaste priestesses in the Orient, and Vestals in Rome before there were "brides of Christ" in the Church; and the "old maid" of to-day has noble precedents. And we may be sure that while some, like Virginie de Leyva and Giulia Carraciolo "breathed with intoxicating desire, through the convent grating, the perfumes of nature and of the world of men," still the perpetual fashion of maidenhood could not have persisted without being based upon a perpetual trait of human nature.

The maiden by choice has her place in the world, and who can say it has not been a noble one?

His baby

SHE is my mother, said the young man, but I call her my baby. She is eighty years old. Old people are very like babies, and we ought to love them, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

I have an idea life evens up things. When I was young and helpless she took care of me; now I take care of her. I am paying my debt.

She never left me alone when I was an infant. Now I do not leave her alone.

She was patient with me then; now I am patient with her.

She fed me; now I feed her. I clothe and keep her.

She sacrificed her young life to me; I am glad of every chance I have to sacrifice for her.

She loved me when I was ignorant, awkward, needing constant care, and all because I was hers, born of her body and part of her soul. Now every feebleness and trait of childishness in her endears me to her, for no reason except that she is my mother.

By so much as she is a tax on my time, attention and money, I love her.

She shall not triumph over me in the Day of Judgment; for my tenderness shall equal hers. She watched with me until I grew up; I shall watch with her till she steps into Heaven.

The importance of playing the fool

IT is bad for a man when he cannot be sober, or when he will not study, nor work, nor pray, nor think, nor weep, all when occasion requires; but the worst for a man is when he can no more play the fool a little.

The essence of sanity is the power to be insane at moments; the essence of reason is the ability to act delightfully irrational now and then; and the essence of being genuinely moral and religious when there is need is the art of being paganly non-moral when there is no call to be otherwise.

Perhaps our wisest, most inspired moments are those of our folly.

The jester, at the king's court, was the nearest of all to being a philosopher and a prophet.

It is when we let the soul go, to work its wayward will, and wing its random way, in laughter and recklessness, that we discover ourselves, our real nature appears, and the hidden instincts that move the springs of life come out, like fairies that have been invisible by day and appear at midnight moonlight to dance in the forest green.

To play the fool is dangerous. That is because it is so important.

The trick of fame

THE fame of many a popular author is due to the sheep-nature of men. If the bell-wether jumps the fence all the sheep follow him.

The trick of fame

This run of popularity is like a conflagration. When it gets started it sweeps all before it.

When "everybody's reading" a book we must perforce read it too. Who can resist the latest fad, *le dernier cri*? The mob is our master.

And I am not so sure but that the reputation of so-called great authors rests not a little upon our facility of imitation.

I do not undertake to decry Homer and Virgil, Milton, Racine and Schiller, but I would ask you, gentle reader, to tell me honestly, do you think these writers to be great because you appreciate them and personally love them, or because you do not dare raise your voice against the judgment of the world?

Is it not true that the books universally praised are universally neglected?

On the contrary, whatever a famous man's name is set to is praised indiscriminately. Victor Cousin called sublime certain passages in Pascal, which were discovered to be additions of a copyist.

Justice and pity

WHAT we owe to the poor and unfortunate is not pity; it is respect.

I have spoken in favour of pity, but I sometimes doubt if it is a really useful virtue from man to man.

It is good to pity a dog or a horse, or any creature beneath us and dependent on us.

Justice and pity

And the very curse of charity has been that it has been based upon the notion that the poor are in some way an inferior class.

We are never going to get to the proper sentiment until we recognize all men as our equals, in privilege and in the rights to live and to be happy.

The conviction is spreading that conditions of squalor and wretchedness are not so much to be relieved by our kind-heartedness as they are to be remedied by our sense of justice.

To be just, fair, honest and right, these are more piercing and potent words for the healing of the hurt of humanity than to be kind and pitiful. And, by the way, it is a lot easier to be kind than to be just.

Intolerance

INTOLERANCE is often one of the unfortunate by-products of love.

It is a sort of crippled, twisted, loyalty, born of a little soul.

For no one can be intolerant who does not care.

Love is naturally selective, sets the chosen object on a pedestal, and stands beside it, for better or for worse, defying the universe.

Love is a foe to all those things that make one tolerant, such as criticism, doubt and uncertainty.

It is a mistake to suppose that the inquisitors and heretic-roasters were actuated only by bigotry of opinion; it was bigotry of affection. It was

passion, feeling and enthusiastic loyalty, gone wrong, that made the trinitarian and the unitarian hate each other. *Intolerance*

Jealousy is a kind of intolerance, and certainly there is no jealousy without love.

It is curious that most people who are intensely narrow and intolerant in religion are proud of it; to themselves it seems a proof of their earnestness.

Intolerance therefore is no evidence of a lack of love, but merely of the inexperience and crudeness of love.

It is a disease of children, essentially childish. As the heart grows, widens, and learns to see clearly and far, it learns love's last lesson, which is forbearance and forgiveness. Love and ignorance explain the persecutor. The explanation of Jesus is love and wisdom.

WE ordinarily think of Nature as a serious old lady, eternally occupied with grandiose plans of evolution, destiny, organic chemistry, and other noble and profound affairs. *The grotesque in Nature*

But sometimes one is tempted to suspect that she has a whimsy side and likes to act the fool.

I have just been looking over Sir John Murray's and Dr. John Hjort's "The Depths of the Ocean," and certainly they report some outlandish creatures in the deep waters.

Uglier than the most horrid nightmare is the

The grotesque in Nature

Argyropelecus hemigymnus; Astronesthes niger has a face that would shame the devil; while the "new species of Leptocephalus" is worse than any caricature in a newspaper. Nothing in "Alice in Wonderland" is so perfectly absurd as the Hippocampus or the Gigantocypris Agassizii.

The only possible reason Nature could have had for making an Augaptilus filigeous would be to scare the wits out of bad little fishes.

Nature is not so staid. She has her grim jokes.

In our maddest, wildest, fancies, we still take after the mysterious, many-mooded mother of all.

Outliving one's heart

"FAITES, O mon Dieu, que je ne survive pas non coeur! (Grant, O my God, that I do not outlive my heart!)" cried the Frenchman.

Why live when one no longer cares?

Life is a burden that is only tolerable when there is love.

Man has so many wants, ambitions, longings and dreams, that, unless he has love to steady and comfort him, the very business of living is like to rack him to pieces.

The only way to a successful old age is to see that the heart does not die.

"The heart does not age," said Voltaire, "but it is sad for it to have to lodge in a ruin."

Of that, however, I am not so sure.

For if the heart be still young with the currents of

love it will make even the decrepit body beautiful. Indeed I think nothing is more lovely than a warm soul alive in an old body. *Outliving one's heart*

One of the most charming pictures of history is that of the venerable St. John the Evangelist, who, when he was too feeble to do anything else, would sit in his chair and pronounce the benediction at the meetings of the early Church, saying only: "Little children, love one another."

THE American is a new race. *The American a new race*

Americans are not a species of Englishmen. They are as distinct from Englishmen as they are from Frenchmen or Germans. A Canadian or an Australian is English, but a citizen of Illinois is not.

The United States man is an entirely new type, just as the Greek, the Roman, or the Spaniard was a new type. Because we happen to know where he came from makes no difference; the original Romans also came from somewhere.

And speaking the English language does not make the American English. It is merely a habit.

There isn't anything like Abraham Lincoln in all English history or society, and never was. The man was brand new, even as Lowell's ode says.

What made the new type? How did it come about? Nobody knows. What made the Greek? Still, a strange thing, there are rows of old Roman

The American a new race

statues in the Capitoline Museum of Rome, and when I go in there I see faces that remind me so much of the American politicians and business men I know! It looks like a Methodist conference or a Republican caucus.

Knowledge and wonder

THE conflict is not between science and religion. It is between knowledge and wonder.

There are two kinds of mind-joy, one at grasping a thing, the other at feeling how much there is you can never grasp.

Out of the several vigintillion facts, laws and truths of the universe we can get hold of seventeen or so; that is science, and it is keen delight.

To contemplate the immense remainder is also a delight; it is religion, it is awe.

It is a pleasure to sit among the family and friends around the lamp at evening, to hear the familiar chatter, to play with the baby, and discuss the welfare of the hens and pigs. It is also a pleasure to go out in the yard, and look up at the starred sky and feel its mysterious lift.

Why oppose the two? Why not enjoy both?

I love science and the scientific spirit, I admire a beautiful locomotive, and am a devotee of botanic analyses, it does me good to read of things known, and laws discovered.

But alas, like Heine, I would "feed upon the stars and drink the Milky Way." *Knowledge and sweet*

Like Prometheus I can say: "I know that I am mortal and ephemeral, but when I scan the annals of the stars, no longer do I mount earth with my feet, but on wings Zeus himself, and eat the ambrosial food of the gods."

As between science and religion, I choose—both.